JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 20, 1932

BUMP OFF OUR GANGSTERS! SEE PAGE 7

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LI.
No. 1340.

JOHN BULL

Why Married Women Lose their Looks

WITH all the troubles of a home upon your shoulders, all the worries of making both ends meet, all the cares and anxieties of children, is it any wonder you find yourself getting run down, your looks beginning to go ? Is it surprising that your nerves get "ragged" ? It would be amazing if they didn't.

Yet that is the way homes get broken up, and, if you only knew, it is the simplest thing in the world to prevent it. However trying household cares can be these days, you needn't lose your looks. Work and worry only affect you because you take nothing to counteract them.

If you find yourself giving way to worry, find your looks going, your nerves getting "jumpy," take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed. You'll feel the benefit almost at once. The very first night you will sleep better than you have for years, and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated. Your nerves will trouble you no more. In a few days your looks will begin to come back.

For Wincarnis, which has the strength-giving elements of the highest grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts added to the valuable properties of the purest wine, is much more than a stimulant, it creates rich, new blood, soothes jaded, restless nerves and builds up permanent reserves of strength and vigour. Over 20,000 recommendations have been given by medical men.

If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 134, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS
THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable at all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Prices 5/6 and 3/3

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly?

Ask your grocer. *It's delicious!*

The Biggest Radio Bargain since broadcasting began

10/- Brings

This Powerful British Made Three Valve Radio Receiver

Absolutely complete with Superb Loud Speaker, Osram Valves, Exide Accumulator and Batteries, all entirely self-contained in a handsome Walnut Cabinet. Sent Carriage Paid to your home ready to switch on for

£5-7-6 cash or 10/- monthly. No Extras.

SEND DEPOSIT or write for Beautiful Illustrated Booklet.

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3H.)
97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE — A SQUARE GUARANTEE — FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 29

THORNS' GARDEN SHEDS

ARMY HUTS PAVILIONS BUNGALOWS GARAGES etc., etc.

A novice can erect. Complete, ready for use, in sections to bolt together. ½ in. planed matched weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt despatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments of	Or 12 of
6 ft.	4 ft.	6½ ft.	£2 . 19 . 6	10/4	5/3
8 ft.	5 ft.	6½ ft.	£4 . 1 . 6	14/2	7/6
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SEND NO MONEY

Sent on Free Approval on receipt of a postcard.

The "SOUTHERN ISLES" UKULELE BANJO

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board, sweet mellow tone, solidly built, highly polished finish. 30/- VALUE for 11/6. We will send you one of these Southern Isles "real" Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If dissatisfied to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/6 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days 10/6 only.

30/- value for 11/9

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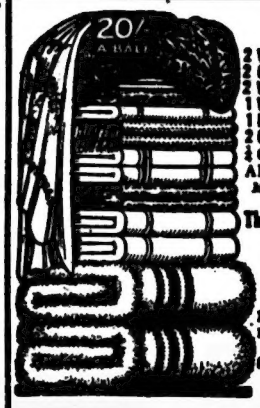
SALE!!



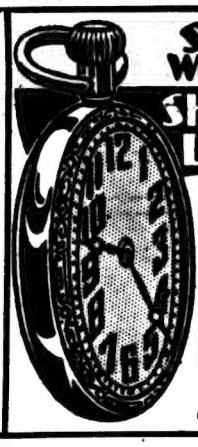
2 White Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Good Cotton Sheets 90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips 30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case 58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80 x 60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
½ doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs
ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.
Money back if not satisfied.

The Lot **20/-** Carr. Free.

Cash or C.O.D.
Immediate Delivery.
A Handsome Wadded DOWN QUILT Free with each Bale. Also pair Art. Silk Rose free if Cash with order.

STANDARD (MURRAY), Ltd., Dept. K.4, 152, Princess Street, Manchester.

Sensational Watch Bargain



SHOCKPROOF LEVER only 10/6

The marvellous Shockproof Keyless Lever Watch, originally sold for 21/-, now only 10/6. Will keep time to a second under severest working conditions—knocks, drops, vibrations—nothing spoils its perfect balance. Modernly cased in gilt, handsomely chased, square figures on gilt dial. Get this Watch for long service and reliability. Positively to-day's biggest watch bargain. Send P.O. for 10/6 to

W. G. PATERSON, (Mail Order Dept.), 65, KING STREET, KILMARNOCK

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I save you at least **TWO POUNDS** on any cycle, and you choose from the largest selection in the world. **NO CHARGE for ACCESSORIES.** Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most marvellous cycle catalogue ever published.

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COST OVER 20/- PER PAIR

These tan shooting boots were made for U.S. Army, at a cost of over 20/- per pair, and are built of very best materials throughout. **Stout tan grain uppers, ¾ in. sole, hand-sewn principle, whole lift heels, everything of the best.** Ideal for golf or general wear. Clearing the remaining sizes, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

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Size 5 (ideal for boys), 6/-.

Postage on 1 or 2 pairs 6d. (or C.O.D.)

Every Pair Guaranteed.

Sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10/-, post 9d.

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BEDDING BALE DOWN QUILTS GIVEN AWAY

ALL FOR 20/- CARRIAGE PAID

CASH OR C.O.D.

1,500 SETS TO BE CLEARED.

Each Bale contains:

2 Heavy White Woolly Blankets, Bordered and Whipped Double Bed Size. 90 by 70.
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2 White Pillow Cases.
1 White Bolster Case.
1 Turkish Towel.
1 Grand Parcel of Cretonne.

FREE GIFT

This week we GIVE with each bale absolutely free of charge a beautiful DOWN QUILT.

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50,000 Yards CASEMENT CURTAINING 1D.

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P.C. BRINGS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE

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Actual Samples of plain Hemstitched, Inserted, Guaranteed. Fadeless Cretonnes, Reps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, Artificial Silks, Multi Stripes, etc.

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BABY CLOTHES 30/-

A CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE

(Everything Necessary).

75 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Knit. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Knit Flannels, Hand-Knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Turk Napkins, etc. Every purchaser delighted. Satisfaction guaranteed. SEND 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. (Bal. cash or terms.)

RECENT PURCHASERS WRITE:—"Worth £5." "I am highly satisfied, and sure nobody would go to the trouble of making it if they knew of your bargain." "Excellent materials." Etc., etc.

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WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXERCISE IN A Beasley REDUCING BELT—SUPPORTER

for MEN and WOMEN

This belt slips on over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, no lacing. An excellent general purpose belt for either sex. Ideal for reducing obesity. Ensures fitness and support. Made of stout woven Elastic Webbing. 4 suspenders fitted to women's model. Money refunded if unsuitable.

9 inches deep.

Send p.o. now to

BEASLEY BELT DEPT. 298A, 28, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

NOW REDUCED FROM 6/11 TO **4'11**

11 inches deep 5/11. Super quality 8/11. Fine quality silk elastic 13/11. Sizes 32-44—3/- extra on all.

Send for FREE Booklet of Belts for Men and Women.

RUPTURE

ABSOLUTELY CONTROLLED

AT LAST: THE PERFECT PNEUMATIC APPLIANCE SUPERSEDING BALL OR OVAL-FRONTED PADS.

Mr. W. Blunden, the World-Famous Rupture Expert, has now invented a perfect Appliance. The Light Pneumatic Pad is not ball-fronted, but scientifically shaped to hold the rupture with extraordinary firmness at its weakest part, giving the wearer a feeling of comfort and security hitherto unknown. Strong, light, washable, and is guaranteed to last. It cannot possibly puncture, very little pressure, or become deflated. Work hard, play hard, without risk or misery caused by a slipping pad.

The only firm that has the confidence to ask you to

Test it before you pay!

Send no money. Appliance will be sent on Seven Days' Free Trial. Perfect fitting guaranteed through the post. No harmful steel pads. Pay only when convinced that it is the most comfortable and efficient Appliance you have ever worn. THE CHEAPEST AND MOST EFFICIENT ON THE MARKET. Approved Sections allow the whole amount. Write NOW. (Department 1299).

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B. T. H. C2 LOUD SPEAKERS.

Brand new, ex Factory, As illustrated.

List Price 45/-.

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OUR PRICE **15/-** EACH Carriage Paid.

22½in. high 14in. flare. Money refunded in full if not satisfied. Special terms to traders for quantities.

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ACIDITY, GASTRITIS & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

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AMAZING BARGAINS 33⅓% to 50% REDUCTIONS

GREENHOUSES Complete from **£2. 10. 0**

Bungalows, Rustic Houses, Garages.

SALE LIST POST FREE

Wooden Huts 27/6

Poultry Houses 22/6

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WE PAY £6 COMMISSION

We offer the greatest values ever put before the public. This magnificent **THREE-PIECE SUITE** can be obtained **FREE** or alternatively we will pay £6 commission for every 1/- weekly Premier Club formed.

Our NEW 1,000 Article BARGAIN Catalogue containing Wonder Numbers ranging from 2/6 to 40/- in Clothing, Furniture, Bedding, etc., can be had FREE. Write now for full particulars of our Agency System and how to become an Agent.

DAVE'S BENEFIT STORES (Dept. J.B.) 126, ASHTON NEW ROAD, MANCHESTER.

"RUG WOOLS" READICUT

In hanks or in lengths, ready for use, Cable and 6-fold. 100 shades. Send a p.c. for this

1/- RUG BOOK FREE

together with Free Patterns and Price List.

READICUT WOOL CO., Dept. J B OSSETT, Yorks.

108 SQ FT for ONLY 2/- DOWN

You can now obtain this wonderful NEW-PROCESS Floor Covering on Easy Terms! **Delivered (108 sq. ft.) on receipt of deposit of only 2/-. Balance payable in 10 weekly sums of 2/-.** Longer lengths pro rata. Warranted damp- and rot-proof. Exceptionally long-wearing. Ideal covering for stone or brick floors—Lies flat—no fixing required. Damp cloth cleans perfectly. **Send NOW for Free Pattern Pieces of TRI-NOLEUM** (extra quality).

POST THIS COUPON TO Jones (Croydon) Ltd., 51, London Road, Croydon

Please send me full particulars of TRI-NOLEUM, Free Pattern Pieces, and Easy Terms Order Form.

Name.....

Address.....

J.B.4.....

"South Western" HUTS & GARAGES

ALL KINDS

GARAGES:

10' x 7' ... £6.12.0
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HUTS:

6' x 5' ... £3.16.0
8' x 5' ... £4.10.6
12' x 7' ... £8.11.0

7" Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

CARRIAGE PAID

Plus 5 per cent. for erection within 20 miles of London.

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Larger Lengths pro rata.
Carr. Paid to any railway station.
Send for Range free Samples
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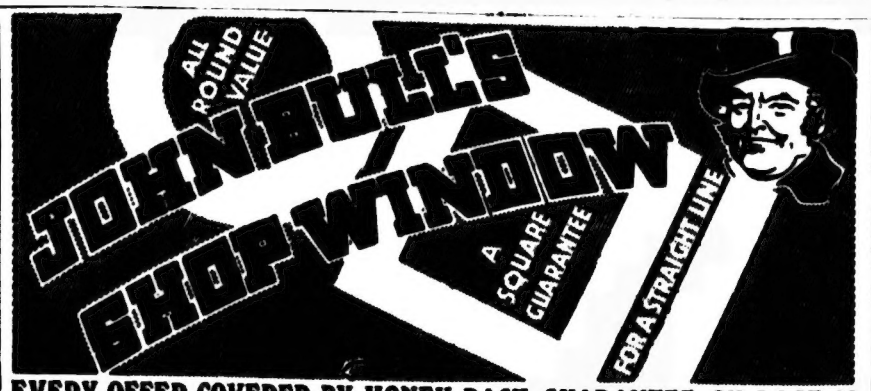

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THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY!

Start a Profitable Business Printing for local Tradesmen, Cinema Proprietors, etc. There is a Huge Weekly Demand for Printed Material which you could easily produce in your Spare Time. My Wonderful All-Steel Adana Machine prints anything from a Chemist's Label to an Illustrated Magazine. Special Easy Payment Terms. Send for Free details and Samples of actual work produced.

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London Showrooms:
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Fleet St.
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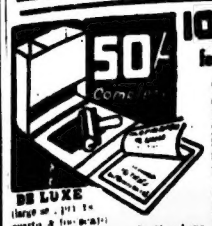
45/-



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THE HOME PRINTING MARVEL!

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The Biggest Radio Bargain since broadcasting began

THIS MAGNIFICENT BRITISH-MADE 2-VALVE RADIO RECEIVER, for 64/- cash or 6/6 deposit and 6/6 monthly, including OSRAM Valves and Loud Speaker, all self-contained in a handsome Mahogany Cabinet, or entirely complete with EXIDE Accumulator and Batteries, Carriage Paid, ready to switch on, for 70/-, Cash, or 7/6 monthly. Send deposit, or write at once for Beautiful Illustrated Booklet.

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Cost Saved on first job

PENN'S IMPROVED LIGHTNING LEATHER STITCHER

Sews a perfect lock-stitch as sewing machine, but stronger. No handyman should be without one.

Indispensable for Thrifty Homeworkers.

SIMPLE TO USE. Quickly Sews Boots, Belts, Bags, Trunks, Harness, Suit Cases, Hoods, Celluloid Screens, &c. Complete with 3 different needles, thread and illus. directions, 2/3, post 6d. Extra waxed thread 9d. skein, 3 for 2/-. Extra needles 3d. each, 2/9 doz.

2/9 Model Reduced to 2/3

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.
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FROM 5/7 Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections 5/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
5 ft. x 6 ft. x 6½ ft.	..	42	5 0	10/8	6/7
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F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top.
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Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it Now.**
(Prescription No. 1108/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.
Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
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A WONDERFUL MONEY EARNING OPPORTUNITY

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The Firm that provides the Biggest Bargains to members and pays the Largest Commission to Agents.
EARN BIG MONEY EASILY WITHOUT ANY OUTLAY OR EXPERIENCE
MEN AND WOMEN WANTED in every town to form 1/- Weekly Clubs for our wonderful goods.
Thousands of marvellous Bargains to select from in Furniture, Bedding, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furs, Jewellery, Household Goods, etc., etc., from 5/- upwards.
A few illustrations taken at random from our 10/-, 20/- and 40/- Bargain Catalogues are shown herewith.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.—To all prospective Club Agents, also Agents of other Clubs: IT WILL PAY YOU to become an organiser for the National Benefit Stores, as you will not only EARN MONEY FOR YOURSELF, but you will find it much easier to get members to join our Clubs, as we provide better value than any other firm in the country. Join at once the thousands of our well-satisfied agents who are now earning big money through the medium of our popular clubs.
Send Post Card (penny stamp) NOW for Catalogues and particulars of how to easily earn

£6 COMMISSION

THE NATIONAL BENEFIT STORES LTD.,
(Dept. J.B.) Pollard Street, Ancoats, Manchester.

Pair of All Pure Wool Blankets, only 10/- the pair.

Reclining Arm Chair, with two Velvet Cushions, only 10/-

Full Panel Oak Bed, complete with wire mattress, 20/-

Solid Oak Full-Size Sideboard, with Mirror, 40/-

Real Leather Coat, all Sizes, 40/-

PUNCTURE PROOF 3/11

GUARANTEED TWO YEARS

A masterpiece of cycle tyre construction. Punctures defied! 50% more mileage guaranteed! Made by latest Electro-Hydraulic process and fitted with unique Puncture Shield. No more roadside delays or messy patching. Thousands sold at 5/6. Shoals of testimonials.

MONEY BACK TERMS
Trial price 3/11, post 7d. Two for 8/3, post paid. Cash or C.O.D.
Trade enquiries invited.

Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles and Accessories. 5/- in £ saving.

MOORHOUSES (Dept. 89), Padiham, Lancs.

WADDED QUILTS FREE!

Complete bargain SALE.

2 Woolly Blankets	80 x 60
2 Strong Sheets	80 x 60
2 Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 Bolster Case	58 x 20
1 Art. Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Check Glass Cloths	
2 Turkish Towels	42 x 20
1 Damask Table Cloth	52 x 52
1 Pair Art. Silk Stockings	
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs	

Carr. Free. 20/- Cash or C.O.D. No further Payments.

FREE GIFT of a Bedspread

WADDED DOWN QUILT, sent with each Sale. Send for free Catalogue.

PATON MILL Co. Dept. C, Paton St., MANCHESTER

FULL LENGTH BED CHAIR 2/6 with SPRING SEATS

ONLY send 2/6 and we deliver to your address this handsome Bed-Chair with SPRING SEAT. 12 further weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. SOLID OAK FRAMES, polished rich nut brown. 3 velvet-cord cushions, any colour. 2 seat cushions, reversible. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fireside seat (as illus. 4). Our patent spring seats (Pat. No. 356995/30) ensure comfort with permanent springing. Carr. Free Eng. P.O.'s only. CASH PRICE 30/-

Send for 1932 Coloured List J.B.

All British.

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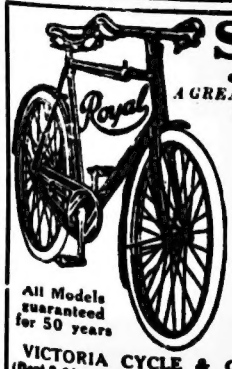
SALE!

of ROYAL Cycles.
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY



All Models guaranteed for 50 years

5-Guinea Models for 59/6 (or 5/9 monthly)
3-Speed Model de Luxe for 79/6 (or 7/6 monthly.)
Numerous other models at similar reductions.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO.,
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TRUSSES ABOLISHED

The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO.,
Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

RILEY'S HOME BILLIARDS 13/3 DOWN

WRITE FOR FREE ART LIST.

All the family will find endless pleasure during leisure hours with a Riley 'Home' Billiard Table. The 6 ft. size is delivered to you immediately on first payment of 13/3. Balance monthly. Cash price £11 15s. Rileys pay carriage and take transit risks. 7 days' Free Trial allowed. Send to-day for Free Art List giving full details of Riley 'Home' Billiard Tables and 'Combine' Billiard and Dining Tables in all sizes, for cash or easy terms. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size billiard tables in Gt. Britain.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON, and Dept. 6, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

ARE YOU MAKING MONEY?

IF NOT, START A POSTAL BUSINESS.

This Firm made £1,720 profit on £14 outlay in first year.

Shopping by Post is spreading like wildfire throughout the world. You can start a Mail Order Business quite simply by the "Hand" System. Expenses low, profits high, no special skill required. This system, invented by Charles Hand, Founder and Present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand and Co., 20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1, and Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., W.C.1, made in the first year (1928) net profits £1,720 11s. 2d. on an initial outlay of £14. (Certified by Chartered Accountants.) One Investment of £5 10s. brought in £515. Write for FREE FOLDER, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," to Charles Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. (Mention J.B. and enclose 1½d. stamp.)

£100 Won Outright in 'John Bull's' Radio Contest No. 5

No coupon received in this contest contained the key numbers of all eight records in the order decided by the Expert Committee, i.e.:—

5 3 8 10 6 4 9 1

The competitor whose selection proceeded furthest down this list in agreement with the Experts' order placed the first five records correctly. Accordingly, a cheque for £100 will be sent to:—

H. REDHEAD, Sunny-Side, Dersham, Suffolk.

The Award of £25 for Runners-up will be shared between the following six competitors, who placed the first four Records correctly:—

V. C. Clark, c/o The White House, Berrylands, Surbiton. Miss D. Floyd, 15, St. Catherine's Road, Bournemouth. Mrs. Gillett, Brantry, Southbourne, Bournemouth. Miss I. Goddard, Wick, Lympsham, Weston-super-Mare. Mrs. G. Jarvis, 6, Railway Terrace, Prittlewell, Southend-on-Sea. Mrs. E. M. Sage, 68, Rosslyn Crescent, Wembley.

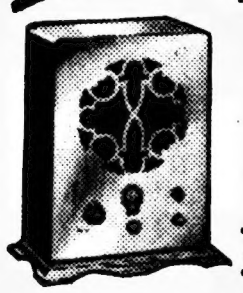
"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST No. 6.

Below are given the key numbers of the eight Gramophone records in order of entertainment value as decided by the Committee of Experts, from the ten played in "John Bull" Radio Contest No. 6 broadcast on February 7th:—

7 2 4 8 10 3 5 9

The name of the prize-winner of this contest will be announced in next week's issue of "John Bull." Another great "John Bull" contest will be broadcast from Radio Paris next Sunday evening at 10.30. Be sure to listen in—it may be worth a huge cash prize to you. Full particulars on Page 35.

1932 "MIRACLE" SETS NOW AVAILABLE AT FACTORY PRICES



Marvellous 2, 3 and 4-Valve Sets, with single dial tuning, great selectivity and remarkable tone, **only 10/- down,** balance monthly. **BRITISH MADE**—all latest improvements. **Complete with Cossor Valves, Batteries, etc., for instant use.** Superlative value also in Screened Grid and Table Sets. **Send Coupon NOW for Art Plates and details of latest Sets.**

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77, Camberwell Road, London, S.E.5.
Please send me Art Plates and particulars
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NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
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£20,000 FOR

GREAT HELP-THE-HOSPITALS CONTEST

£20,000 for 6d.! Do you realise that you have in front of you at this moment the opportunity of winning the biggest prize of its kind ever offered? **£20,000 for 6d. is a world's record must-be-won First Prize.** Think of the dreams you could make come true with £20,000 and then think that this colossal sum might be yours for the outlay of sixpence. **But you must hurry, for this mighty contest is now in its last weeks.**

By entering for this contest you will not only be in the running for a fortune, but you will, at the same time, be helping the Hospitals.

This contest is simplicity itself and it is open to all readers of "John Bull." All that you are asked to do is to select the best twelve out of the 28 Hospital Slogans given on the Entry Form on the right—just place twelve crosses in each entry column you complete—that is all—there is no order of merit required and you do not have to send in a claim. Show your judgment and skill in selecting Slogans and you may reap the rich reward of £20,000.

This great contest is organised by the British Charities Association—a famous body that has already distributed £225,000 to Hospitals and other Charities. Every penny of the profits will go to the Hospitals throughout the country and **every penny of the prize money is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald."**

Should the winner be a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald" an extra £5,000 will be added to the First Prize, making £25,000 in all.

The Closing Date is rapidly approaching. Think of the thousands of things you have never done because you did not do them at once! If you let to-day go by without entering the "Help - the - Hospitals" Contest you may be letting the opportunity to win £20,000 or £25,000 slip through your fingers. Now, while the contest is in your mind and your Entry Form is before you, take a pen and mark those 12 simple crosses that may bring you twenty-thousand or twenty-five thousand pounds. In a short time this wonderful opportunity will have gone for ever—Enter Now!

"JOHN BULL"

Asks you to go in and Win

"JOHN BULL" makes a personal appeal to you to take advantage of the wonderful opportunity before you to-day. This Gigantic "Help - The - Hospitals" Contest, with its First Prize of £20,000 or £25,000 for 6d., is now drawing rapidly to its climax.

These are definitely the last few weeks. The Contest is open to every reader of "John Bull." Readers of this paper, with their wonderful understanding of the great work done by the Hospitals, will, we know, rise magnificently to this memorable occasion and make this National Appeal an overwhelming success.

HELP THE HOSPITALS!

SEND IN YOUR

£20,000 LAST WEEKS!

SIXPENCE

Must be won.
No claims required.

Organised by
The British Charities Association.

Members of the Council
Lord Luke (Chairman).

The Duke of Atholl.
The Marquess of Northampton.
The Earl of Macclesfield.
Lord Ebbisham.
Sir George Roberts, Bt.
Sir Harold Wernher.
Sir Gerald Du Maurier.
The Hon. I. St. G. Lawson Johnston.

Secretaries
Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants.

Time is getting short HURRY!

Rules and Conditions.

(1) Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2) Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the Subscription for the Competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3) In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4) Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to **Dept. J.B.5, BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

(5) After the close of the competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of eminent Hospital Authorities and Publicity Experts, who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry coincide or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided. If the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7) The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8) Employees of the British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9) The closing date for the receipt of entries will be advertised in the papers used for advertising the Competition, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

ALL PROFITS TO THE HOSPITALS!

ENTRIES EARLY

Special entry form for "John Bull" Readers.

Great "Daily Herald" Help-the-Hospitals Contest

Organised by The British Charities Association
Chairman: Lord Luke.
1st Prize—£20,000
£5,000 extra if winner is a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald."
2nd Prize—£250 : 3rd Prize—£100

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Hospital Slogans by placing a X against those selected, in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE —OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. Ink must be used.

Help the Hospitals!		One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓
1	—To pity is human—to give, divine.					
2	—A little down helps someone up.					
3	—Our first aid needs your aid first.					
4	—There's a welcome in Hospital for any "Mite" of yours.					
5	—They're a National Credit—their support a National Debt.					
6	—A cot—means a lot—to some tot!					
7	—Better to give than receive—Hospital Treatment.					
8	—To someone it may mean—"Your money or my life."					
9	—They deserve our praise and preserve our days.					
10	—Give a Helping Hand to Helping Hands.					
11	—"L.S.D." means Lives Saved Daily.					
12	—Give well to make well.					
13	—Coins cannot calculate but every copper counts.					
14	—They need more help to help more.					
15	—They put you on your feet—give them a hand.					
16	—A good prescription—your subscription.					
17	—If Health is Wealth, Hospitals are the Mint.					
18	—We need your help—you may need ours.					
19	—We cannot say "come in" unless we have an income					
20	—Lives are in our hands—our lives are in yours!					
21	—The key to the Hospital problem is—in your pocket!					
22	—Your little bit may make somebody fit.					
23	—Your "present" may decide someone's future.					
24	—The health of each is the concern of all.					
25	—Give and let live.					
26	—Someone will thank you—for Life!					
27	—We're building health—be a brick and help.					
28	—Patients have Faith—doctors, Hope—have you Charity?					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose

P.O. Number.....value.....covering.....entries.

P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to the British Charities Association.

SIGNED ... .

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters) .....

(Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B.5

—Cut Along Here—

Address your Entry: (Dept. J.B.5), British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ALEX JACKSON THE FAMOUS CHELSEA CAPTAIN & SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL says...

"I fully agree with Alex James that 'CLUBS' is a 'he-man's' cigarette .... a small smoke with a big kick and certainly no penalties--in fact the best at its price I have ever smoked and I *know* good cigarettes"

Alex Jackson

'CLUBS'

The cigarettes with a kick in them

The Best* 5 FOR 2D *Cigarettes

"John Bull," 20/2/1932.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday, Feb. 20, 1932. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

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Without Fear or Favour

He casts an ominous shadow over our cities

BUMP OFF OUR GANGSTERS!

BRITAIN, long known as the most law-abiding country in the world, is face to face with the menace of the gunman.

A new type of criminal is in our midst—a dangerous, ruthless, well-armed man, who will stick at nothing, not even murder.

He is introducing into this country the gangster methods of Chicago and New York. He represents a social danger of grave importance.

Day after day we read of some fresh coup by armed men driving hell-for-leather in stolen cars.

Shops are raided in broad daylight. Bank clerks and shopkeepers are held up at the point of a revolver.

Pedestrians are threatened and robbed in crowded streets. And time after time the gunman gets away scot free.

The Dartmoor mutiny has focused public attention upon this new peril, and, though we have been allowed to know nothing of the secret enquiry beyond the official report, we cannot ignore Mr. Du Parcq's ominous reference to the "young, determined and adventurous" prisoners of the motor bandit and gangster class.

Crooked striplings

AND Sir Herbert Samuel in his statement in the House of Commons rightly admitted that it is dangerous to have a concentration of these modern outlaws in any one prison.

"The gravest crimes of violence," said Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., the Recorder of London, recently, "are being perpetrated by young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six."

The police throughout the country can endorse that statement. Here, as in America, the gangster becomes a desperado almost before the down has appeared upon his upper lip.

It is seriously contended by many people, including Dr. Vernon L. Briggs, the great American criminologist, that the evil influence of gangster films is recruiting many reckless lads to a life of crime.

Beyond doubt, it is a grave mistake to encourage the delusion, as some films do, that there is anything heroic about this type of modern ruffian.

The plain truth is that he is a murderous ruffian, ready to kill whenever necessary and not caring who is his victim.

If we do not stamp out these gangsters, the sporadic banditry of to-day will inevitably become the organised criminal terrorism of to-morrow.

It has happened in America. It will happen here.

This is the most serious aspect of the menace.

At present we can at least count upon the loyalty and integrity of our police and the incorruptibility and fearlessness of our courts.

But at present, also, the British gangsters are working in small groups of threes and fours. Let these groups coalesce, let them organise, and racketeering and terrorism on the American model cannot be long delayed.

There have been warnings in plenty. We have had ample evidence of the power of the gangs in London, in Glasgow, in Manchester, in Birmingham and other great cities. We have seen witnesses afraid to come forward, or too terrified to speak the truth.

We have known, and the police know now, of tribute levied by the gangsters upon bookmakers, publicans and even shopkeepers. So far the rackets are small, the blackmail and the terrorism of minor proportions. But the tyrannous Chicago spirit is there. It must not be allowed to develop.

We realise that the police are fully alive to the gravity of the situation, and it is now clear, too, that the Home Office intends to co-operate with them in a great drive against organised banditry.

Murder most foul

PLANS are being discussed, and will be further examined at the next meeting of the Chief Constables' Association, for closer co-operation between various police units. Faster cars may be needed. Road barriers may be used, arrangements made for drawing police cordons more rapidly.

Here, certainly, is a move in the right direction, but, in our view, no modernising of police equipment and organisation will alone be enough to defeat the armed gangster.

In his favour all the time is the element of surprise. He gambles on not being caught, or, if caught, on getting away with a relatively light sentence.

The time has come to make this gamble much less attractive.

JOHN BULL has never believed that society can best fight violence with violence. We do not advocate a "flog the brute" policy.

On the other hand, we have no sympathy to waste on desperadoes.

At all costs the public must be protected against outlaws who are without pity even for women and old people.

We urge the need for penalising with the utmost severity all their crimes of violence.

The gangster who carries a gun must be treated as a potential murderer. That is what he is and, for the sake of public safety, he should, when he is caught, always receive a long term of penal servitude.

The way to stamp out the gangster, like any other criminal, is to make him realise that he cannot escape the punishment for his crime, and that when that punishment befalls him it will be a heavy one.

A few heavy sentences right off will act as the best deterrent.

Gang crimes, even by unarmed ruffians, must also be dealt with very severely. Youth must not be allowed to excuse the hooligan. And every member of a gang whom the police can apprehend ought to be given a lesson he will never forget.

Don't shield them!

ANOTHER enemy of society to whom the police should devote special attention is the receiver, without whom the gangster could never flourish in this country.

The receivers have not even the brute courage of the ruffians with whom they deal. They must be relentlessly hunted down and as relentlessly punished.

Finally, we appeal to the general public to assist the police in their new efforts to carry the war into the enemy's country.

Cases have been frequent lately where criminals have escaped justice because information has been withheld from the police by people unwilling to "mix themselves up in a police-court affair."

We cannot too strongly condemn this attitude.

It is the clear duty of every right-thinking man and woman to help the police in every possible way; to give information readily and fully; more than that—to volunteer it if it can be of any possible use.

People who feel that it is hardly "sporting" to join in hunting down a criminal are suffering from misplaced sympathy. The gangster is a social tiger.

He wastes no mercy on his victims. And he deserves none.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . . .

Tory Rebels Want Sir John Gilmour's Head

Mr. Thomas' True-Blue Escort

C.I.D. See it in "John Bull"

Neville Chamberlain and maybe Walter Runciman will escort "Jimmy" Thomas to Ottawa

THE new Tory war-cry: "Gilmour Must Go!"

It is already being whispered. Soon it will be shouted.

They've got to find something to take the place of "Samuel Must Go," which echoes hollow now.

Samuel sits tight

Samuel won't go, and his detractors are beginning to realise they can't make him.

The Tory extremists are out for Sir John Gilmour's blood. They are furious with the Minister of Agriculture, because they don't think he is doing enough for the farmers.

Chilled!

Some of these Tory rebels used to pester the Labour Government to help the farmers by supplying home-fed beef to the fighting services.

Now they find that even the National Government won't do it. Sir John hints that home-fed beef is too dear for the Government's purse.

He has thus offended both the farmers and the Tory Tariff "wholehoggers."

Under escort

Even so strong a Protectionist as Mr. Thomas will not be allowed to go alone to the Imperial Conference at Ottawa.

Conservative Ministers—Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Runciman or Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister—will escort him, armed with full authority to strike a true-blue Protectionist bargain.

Tug of war

Mr. Runciman, too, is in an awkward position. Ulster farmers want him to levy a heavy tax on imported flax; Ulster linen manufacturers say this would ruin their industry.

Whatever he does, he will offend one party. Still, Ulster asked for a full tariff policy, so it shouldn't complain.

Premier's friends

Sir John Simon is at the moment in high favour. He is a close friend of the Premier, though in the last Parliament they were bitter opponents.

Mr. MacDonald's most intimate confidant, though, is Lord Londonderry, the Minister for Air. Oddly enough, it was the Labour Air Minister, the late Lord Thomson, who was his confidant before the R101 disaster.

Forgotten

It is all very well for the Government to use the revenue from the Tariff to help the direct taxpayer. But what about the sailors, soldiers, policemen, teachers, and the vast army of unemployed and others who have had their pay and allowances reduced?

Are they less needy than the rest of those who made sacrifices to help the country during the crisis?

We help the C.I.D.

Readers will not be surprised, perhaps, to hear that twelve copies of JOHN BULL are delivered to Scotland Yard every Thursday, and that some are issued to the chief officers.

On Thursday, too, it is the principal job of a junior officer to cut up copies and file the cases we report for future reference. No doubt they often prove useful.

They showed the way

Now that the United States is trying to end the trade depression by making the money go round more freely, British business men are urging our banks to follow suit.

The chiefs of the Bank of England and the leading Chambers of Commerce have already met, and are discussing the matter with the joint stock banks.

So at last something may be done.

Railways wake up

Bad trade, however, has had one good result. The railways are putting their house in order.

They used to blame their failure to nigh labour costs. Yet of the £5,000,000 which the L.M.S. saved last year, only £900,000 was due to wages economy.

So the management has exposed its old inefficiency, which it tried to blame on to the workers.

A revolution

Look out for a Stock Exchange sensation!

Members complain that they will be ruined unless they can attract new business, and the only way to get it is to advertise. So the Exchange may be forced to abandon its age-old ban on advertising.

Its members mean business this time.

Why Alfonso came

Ex-King Alfonso's recent visit was not a pleasure trip. It was largely concerned with his need to realise some of his British investments.

At the time of his marriage King Edward advised him to sink most of his huge fortune in British shares. To-day he is almost entirely dependent upon these for his income.

There is a moral for British investors in this.

It's worth it!

"Economy" champions in the Commons, who are pin-pricking the Government about the cost of the British delegation to the Disarmament Conference, should look beyond their noses.

If the Conference lasts six months it will not cost us more than £40,000; the war cost us £8,000,000 a day. It's cheaper to discuss disarmament! And it will be cheaper still if we get it!

Justice slumbers

The Secretary for India is busy just now, but he should find time to end the delay in the Meerut conspiracy trial.

The prisoners were arrested in March, 1929, and have been in jail ever since. It seems that the case may drag on until the middle of the year

This sort of thing does us no good in India.

We want to know

Why has Police-Constable Benzie, of St. Helens, been dismissed? He was found not guilty at Liverpool Assizes of a serious offence against a girl, but the verdict apparently did not satisfy the Watch Committee.

We demand a Home Office inquiry into the matter.

Pluck and promptness

Grown-ups might envy the presence of mind of Irene Pickup, an eleven-year-old Rochdale girl.

When two men snatched her grandmother's bag, Irene chased them down five streets and denounced them to a passer-by.

She certainly deserved the magistrates' congratulations.

Laughter in court?

It's a poor joke that is directed against a man who can't hit back.

When a homeless man, who crept beside a works boiler to sleep because it was freezing outside, was sent to prison for fourteen days at Matlock, the chairman remarked:

"You will now go where it is nice and warm."

Magistrates who show neither human feeling nor dignity should be removed from the Bench.

It pays to advertise

A small town with plenty of push is Ampthill, Beds, which has just held a whist-drive to raise money for advertising its factory sites.

It is an example that many other towns we know might follow to their profit.

The price of heroism

We are glad that special efforts will be made to secure provision for the families of the two Welsh miners who lost their lives while trying to save others in the recent Llwynypia pit explosion.

Both men have left a number of helpless dependants, and we are sure that the Carnegie Hero Fund will readily come to their help.

Fee snatching

Another of those generous people who offer to reveal the secrets of making money is G. Ellis, of the Southdown Publicity Co., 1, London Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea. All he asks is two shillings and ninepence for "full instructions."

Mr. Ellis is a fee-snatcher, and his bait should be avoided.

Prison queues

Will the Law never cease being an ass? In a police-court case recently it was said that the defendant could not be admitted to Brixton Prison as it was congested with debtors.

It's high time to abolish the practice of preventing a man earning money because he owes some.

Charity never faileth

Cumberland folk have tender hearts where the afflicted are concerned. On behalf of a young Workington girl who is a helpless cripple, a special entertainment was held at the local theatre, which was crowded.

The profit will buy the girl a wireless set and nourishing food. Good work, Workington!

A lesson in manners

We have a sneaking admiration for the North London landlord who threatened a relieving officer. He complained that the official failed to knock on the doors of the people he visited.

Many other public officials need to learn good manners.

Weighted scales

Justice does not always hold the scales evenly. For stealing goods worth £129 a Ringwood garage manager was bound over. A youth was sent to prison at Southend for three months for embezzling twenty-three shillings.

Great minds may think alike, but not magistrates.

Well done, sir!

We could do with more employers like Mr. R. S. Dauncey, a solicitor of Newport, Mon. When his young servant was charged with theft, Mr. Dauncey not only defended her, but told the court he would take her back into his service.

As a result, the girl was placed on probation and the costs of the charge remitted.

Penny dinners

Child slavery still exists in Britain. An eight-year-old girl at Oldham had to do the housework and prepare the evening meals for her unmarried parents, and was given only a penny to buy her mid-day dinner.

The parents have been fined £2 each. Perhaps the Oldham magistrates dislike children.

High-handed

No wonder busmen employed by Glasgow Corporation are angry. Several drivers have been dismissed for not pulling up between authorised stopping places to take in passengers, though this is expressly forbidden by the Corporation rules and the Road Traffic Act.

They should be immediately reinstated—and their lost wages paid.

He held tight

We raise our hat to the driver of a cart which was tipping refuse on a cliff near South Shields. The horse bolted, but Robert Buchan kept his grip of the reins until he was in danger of being hurled to death eighty feet below.

A moment later the horse and cart vanished over the cliff's edge.

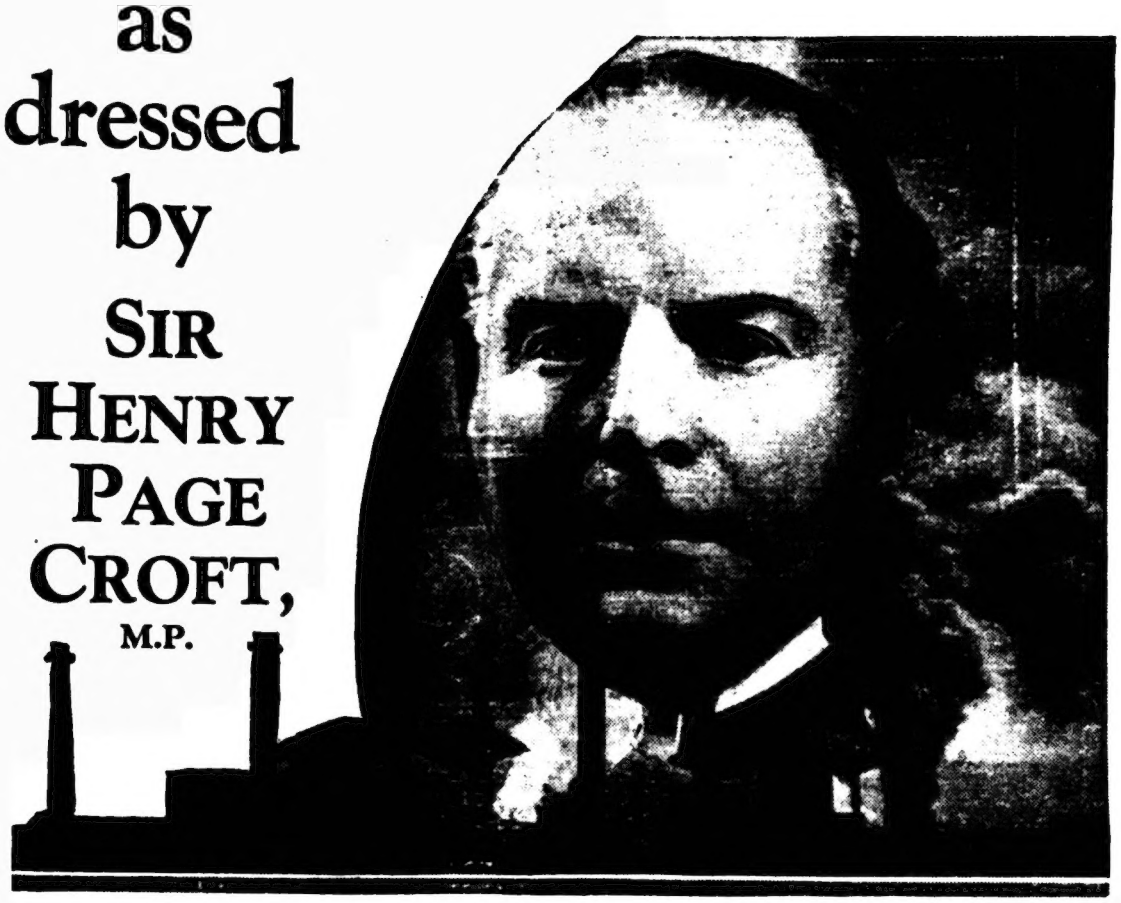
About turn!

Some local councillors think they are Mussolinis. The wages of Coalville gas workers were reduced by the Gas Committee without the knowledge of the full council. At the same time the foreman got an increase.

We are glad that the former decision has been reversed. But what about the money that the men have lost?

Britain's SHOP WINDOW

as dressed by SIR HENRY PAGE CROFT, M.P.



Sir Henry's vision of Britain's great publicity campaign—will it mean an industrial "full steam ahead"?

WHAT a wonderful opportunity we have now, as never before, to dress Britain's shop window so as to attract the home buyer and induce the foreigner to spend more of his money here.

And our shop window is the British Industries Fair which opens next week in London and Birmingham.

I have been asked how I would dress it with an eye on the foreign buyer as well as the home customer, for with the exchange for the first time in their favour buyers from abroad can now well afford to "buy the best" from Britain.

Now, what are the things I would put into the national shop window?

Among them certainly, because they are all-British from the mine to the factory, are finished steel goods, engineering products, finished motor-cars.

I suppose that most English people buy British cars now. But the Continental must be shown by our window display that he can, in terms of the current rate of exchange, buy more cheaply here than abroad, and get much better value.

But in my window-dressing I shall be thinking equally of the home-market for all steel goods, and I shall emphasise what the British purchaser is inclined to forget: that each one of these articles represents the combined efforts of British coal-miners, iron-ore workers, transport workers, designers, craftsmen of all sorts in the hundred and one processes which turn a crude lump of mineral into a triumph of British engineering.

These goods shall have pride of place in our shop window. They cannot be bettered anywhere. Cheerfully we may ask the whole world to come and buy.

I think I shall stick up in the window a map showing the ramifications stretching away from each of these products to every industry in Britain. For I want to make it plain that our industrial life does not consist of a number of isolated units, but that we are all—*all of us*—one working venture.

A mighty mite

TO go from the big to the little: take a small metal toy! The price is, let us say, one shilling. Not a very important object, you may think. If so, you will be wrong. For this tiny toy has given employment to as many sorts of workmen as your engineering masterpiece.

So I shall give a good place to the little metal toy.

I shall group round it all the gawds and toys, all the trinkets and imitation jewels, which provide work for scores of industries in the Midlands, and which have been famous the world over as Birmingham goods.

I shall give a little tabular statement showing the distress in these industries because the British purchaser so often thoughtlessly gets his goods from the foreign shop next door, although there is every variety of goods produced at home.

Then I shall certainly *star* the canned fruit.

Some heedless British buyers will stare at this window exhibit in surprise, having been used to associate canned fruit with California and other foreign parts. But let me tell them that this is precisely one of the most hopeful developments of modern British industry.

I was eating some raspberries a night or two ago, and I asked how it was possible to obtain fresh raspberries at this time of the year. I was told they had been tinned in Lincolnshire.

Here again you will observe the ramifications of an all-British industry. When you buy British canned fruit, you are not only helping that industry itself and the fruit-grower and the transport workers, but *you are helping the tinplate industry*, an expansion of which is so vital to stricken South Wales.

I should make a good display of British boots and shoes. (Please note that most of the hides come from within the Empire.) There is no doubt that in footwear we excel the world. It is asked for everywhere abroad to-day, as it has always been.

Our strong boots and shoes are by far the most comfortable and durable. And now, when at last our British makers have their chance, I believe that they will win from the Continent the market for women's fancy shoes. The ladies, British and foreign, will have the satisfaction of knowing that, owing to the durability of the British make, their bills will be decreased in the long run.

I must give a good show of British textiles. That goes without saying. And I shall have photographs, if not working models, of a Nottingham embroidery and lace factory.

I shall have a good display of artificial silk. Year by year there has been improvement in the texture of the British product. Research has been busy; and I shall now be able to exhibit the most marvellous material which none but an expert could distinguish from the natural silk.

British woollens lead the world. That we can definitely say. And I should say so in Britain's shop window. I should exhibit, side by side, some British woollens and some of the shoddy stuff from abroad.

I should show why and how in the long run the British stuff is cheaper—for us as for foreign buyers. And I should point out that the apparent cheapness of the foreign shoddy is due to sweated labour.

That great name

FINALLY, in this connection, I should give a table of unemployment, and show that during the past three months 18,000 more workers have been employed in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and *not* at sweated wages.

Well to the front I would put British cutlery. *Sheffield* is a name to conjure with now, and if we all insist on Sheffield steel for our knives and scissors, its price will come down steeply. In terms of good service and wear, it is already in reality the cheapest. But we must insist on seeing *Sheffield* on every knife and scissor that we buy.

It may be that agricultural products are not shown at the Industries Fair. But I cannot afford to leave them out of Britain's shop window. It must be made plain to every British customer of the shop that it is just as important to *eat British food* as to *buy British goods*.

If our agriculture is prosperous, our manufacturers will find an enormous increase of custom from the stricken agricultural districts. And, of course, the converse of this is equally true. Here, as elsewhere, Britain is one big shop, and the two problems, urban and rural, are one.

There would be a British hen in my window. The British hen is just as capable of egg-production as her foreign rival. We could produce £10,000,000 worth more British eggs a year.

I should give a good place to the pig. It is so easy for an uninstructed person to take up pig-breeding and make a profit of it, and the home market is so certain. Beyond the shadow of a doubt we could produce enough pork and bacon to satisfy all our requirements and give employment for over 100,000 workers.

Your shop—use it!

AND somehow I would convey pictorially—perhaps even with models—the need to keep a balance between the country and the town.

England has suffered terribly from the loss of that balance—between her industry and her agriculture. She has lost, not only in wealth, but in health and physique, by drawing our best human breeding stock from the country to the city.

Well, the shop window is fairly full. Coming round to the front to look at it, I see that we have the raw materials, we have the craftsmanship for our industries—raw materials mostly in Britain herself, and the rest within the Empire—craftsmanship not to be equalled in the world.

Now, at last, British industry is to have its chance, and here is a window-full of chances! I strongly urge upon every British manufacturer that it is his duty to advertise that window display in every part of the world.

The pendulum is swinging, and, as I have said, it is not only our own market we must recapture. As strongly I urge upon every British citizen that it is his duty to give his custom to his own British shop—*his shop* it is, since ultimately its prosperity is his, and he must pay for its losses.

I assure him that his reward will be, not only the happiness of his fellow-countrymen, but relief in taxation and the charges of unemployment, and an end to that nightmare of national collapse which has been haunting us.

There is the shop window, *our* shop window. All we have to do is to walk in and buy!

Their Life is One Long Gamble...

"Men Like These" they called this film which illustrates vividly the awful, ever-present peril of submarine life. Men like these, indeed!

OUR SUBMARINE CREWS:

VERY shortly now, when the ill-fated *M2* is brought up from her grave off Portland Bill, the experts will be discussing how and why she and her gallant crew met their doom.

But, whatever the verdict may be, it will not alter the fact that the life of our submarine crews is one long gamble with death.

"Submarine fear!" The gallant men who go under the sea in ships know only too well what terrors these words hold for them.

"Going Milky" they call it (though in no contemptuous way), when one of their number succumbs to the strain and stress and peril of seamanship under water.

The doctors in the naval hospitals are familiar, too, with the term, applied to the nerve-racked condition of such men who pass through their hands.

He never tells—

From the moment they "go down" they never know whether they are coming up again—and when they come up they never know whether they are going down, wrecked by some surface vessel into which they might crash.

A burden of responsibility rests on every man to a degree that has no parallel in any other service.

Hatches not properly closed, or opened a split second too soon; a mistake at the diving rudders; a moment's relaxation of attention at the scores of devices with which a submarine manœuvres are merely a few of the ways by which submarines have in the past gone to their doom.

Since 1918 there have been sixteen submarine disasters, involving the deaths of over 600 men. Eight of them have occurred in British waters.

These terrible figures illustrate better than anything else could the hazards of "submarining."

Yet it is said that no survivor of any of these disasters has ever been known to mention his experience to shipmates on his new ship.

The monster dives

Picture a submarine going down. She is awash, her decks are bare, and her hatches closed down.

Below in the interior, the captain is standing at his post at the periscope lens below the conning tower. He has received the report that the hatches are fastened down from those responsible for this duty.

Near him are standing the chief control men busy at their posts; the signalman at the voice-pipes and telephones; the coxswain at the diving rudders. Others are at the motors and at the high-pressure air apparatus which blows out the ballast tanks.

In the periscope lens before him lies a last glimpse of the daylit seas above.

"Take her down!" he says.

The ship quivers to the rushing intake of the hundreds of tons of water rushing into the ballast tanks. The depth dial flickers and starts to move. Overhead sounds the hiss of water flying over the hull as slowly she goes down.

From that moment the gamble is on. From that minute the members of the crew, officers and men alike, are in each other's keeping, travelling blindly in underwater darkness amid 1,500 tons of delicate hull and intricate machinery.

Two big perils may spell destruction for them all.

The first is collision, with a submerged wreck or sister submarine, or an oncoming vessel. Collisions have been the chief cause of disaster to British submarines. *H1, H42, H24, H47* and *Poseidon* were all lost in this way.

For a large part of her manœuvring time a submarine is blind.

When it breaks surface after a dive it is not always possible to tell precisely if it will not rise in the path of an oncoming surface vessel.

In spite of the greatly increased diving speed of modern submarines, it is not always possible to get out of the way quickly enough.

A submarine submerges by filling its main ballast tanks. Some of the later types in the "L" and "M" class must take in 500 tons or more to submerge.

To refill tanks which have been blown out on emerging may take a minute or two, and those minutes may mean everything between safety and disaster.

In a collision a submarine has less chance than any other vessel. The outer hull is usually exceptionally thin and easily pierced. The low margin of buoyancy which all submarines possess is an added danger.

Even in the super-class 500 tons is all that is needed to drive it beneath the water, and that amount soon enters when the hull is torn.

The submerged crew also well know that, besides collision, the failure of control will bring them in a minute face to face with a dreadful death. Particularly in larger submarines the most exact care is required when diving.

When a vessel of the size of the *M2* is submerging it has a total dead-weight of nearly 2,300 tons. Too acute an angle can easily put ships of this size out of control. The diving rudders cease to function and they go down and down with increasing velocity.

There is a limit to the depth to which a submarine can descend. Beyond it the plates of the hull collapse under the water pressure. With some vessels the limit is as low as 120 ft. The world's record is only 336 feet, set up by an American giant submarine.

A glimpse of sky from the submarine's bowels and a gun, symbol of death

Kindly Chains

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THERE was a play entitled "Chains," which ran successfully in London years ago, written, I was told, by one who up till then had been a working girl.

The central figure in the play was a young married man, who wanted to emigrate to better himself. He felt that the grinding slavery of a monotonous occupation and a small wage were unendurable, so he made up his mind to snap his fetters and strike out for better prospects in a new land.

At the last moment, however, he discovered that a baby was on the way. With this new responsibility added, he did not dare to take any risks, and settled sadly down to living the same drab life for the rest of his days.

There are no people in this world who are not tied in one way or another; and nearly all people think that if they could strike their chains off they would be happier. They are probably quite wrong.

Many an ill-used wife would quit a drunken husband but for the children; she cannot bring herself to expose them to want or leave them in a selfish father's hands.

Many a high-spirited subordinate has to put up with snubs and insults that make his blood boil. He is the butt of some jack-in-office who enjoys humiliating him; yet he must keep silence, for there are hungry mouths at home, and jobs are more easily lost than gained in these days.

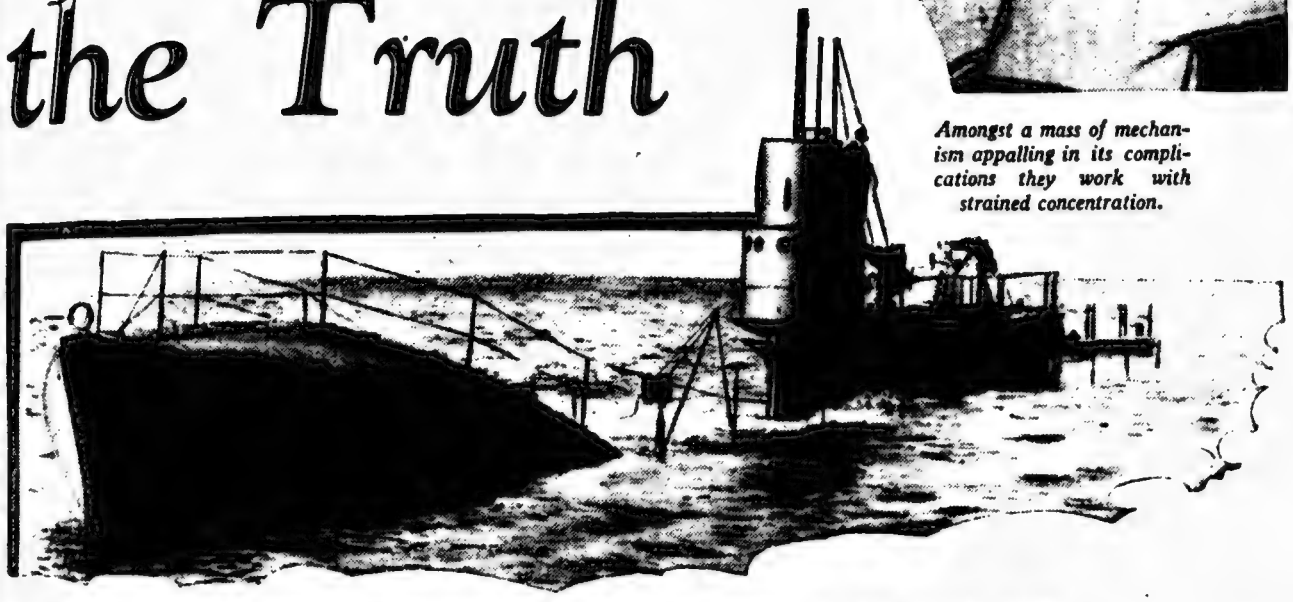
Or someone dear to you, reader, has to be helped out of your slender resources. You know quite well that a goodly part of that help is going to the support of a shiftless scamp who happens to be one of the family; but what can you do? You cannot help one without the other.

There is only one sensible course to follow when we are chafing under restrictions like these, and that is to realise that no life worth living is ever lived without them.

Accept the conditions of your lot bravely and cheerfully, and your very disadvantages will turn to power.

No chains can bind an unselfish heart.

the Truth



Amongst a mass of mechanism appalling in its complications they work with strained concentration.

Coming up—and every man aboard her experiences inexpressible relief. Must they go on taking such terrible risks?

Thus, unless trim can be restored in time, a headlong dive can end matters for all on board.

Many narrow escapes have occurred through lack of diving control. Some of the "K" class, later the "M" class, have been particularly treacherous in this respect.

It is on record that there were occasions during the war when one or two of them have gone down out of control, and have bounced off the bottom of the North Sea!

This factor was one of the reasons advanced by experts for the mysterious loss of the *M1* in deep water off Start Point a few years ago.

And it is one of the factors which have led other naval experts to declare that it is never possible to know for certain when submarines of the larger type will stop after they have commenced a dive.

The submarine service as a whole dislikes this type, and some indication of official agreement is seen in the fact that most recent launchings of new submarines have been of the smaller type of about 700 tons deadweight.

Gas terror

Manœuvring hazards are great enough, but there are other dangers which the undersea men face in their gamble with safety.

All submarines are driven beneath the water by electric motors. To feed these, huge storage batteries are required. They stretch down the vessel sometimes for more than half the length. The *M2* had 250 of them, each weighing half a ton.

They are a constant source of danger to the crews. In a steep dive one of them might break adrift and wreak ruin.

If sea water enters they give off chlorine gas and speedily asphyxiate the men. They have been the cause of numerous explosions on board submarines, causing injury and loss of life.

There still remains the biggest gamble of all—when the submarine has met with disaster and the only question is whether the men can save themselves. The fact remains that with the best of the safety devices so far installed the odds are heavy against the men.

Desperate escapes

Granted they have the luck to find access to an escape hatch, even then they may not survive the passage from the sea-bottom to the surface.

In the disaster to the *K13* in the Clyde, two officers chose the dangerous task of blowing themselves out of the conning-tower by air pressure in order to reach the surface for assistance.

One of them succeeded; the other, Commander Goodheart, was blown by air pressure against the partly raised conning-tower hatch and killed.

Is it any wonder that the men of the submarine service are a *corps d'elite*, since their working hours are one perpetual hazard?

A few years ago the Admiralty issued a decree that in future the submarine service was to be no longer on a voluntary basis, but that crews would be drafted as to an ordinary ship.

That statement carried with it the inference that submarines were as safe as surface craft.

In spite of that, however, all the officers, and 80 per cent. of the men, are volunteers.

Well may the Disarmament Conference consider the question—"Is the submarine worth while?" Should "the skill and gallantry of the men," of whom Sir John Simon spoke at Geneva, be risked in a service which is an acknowledged gamble?

There are at the moment 540 submarines afloat and building. Great Britain has 65, of which 25 have been built since the war. America has 106, France 112, Italy 70, and Japan 71. The case against them all is overwhelming

Take first the question of cost. The submarine is purely a fighting machine.

It is the most expensive of all craft to build, costing £500 per ton, as against £200 per ton for the latest type of cruiser. But its cost does not end there.

Each group, or flotilla, of submarines needs elaborate and expensive shore and sea establishments. A depôt ship is required for each group. She must be a hospital, hotel and factory in one—such a ship as H.M.S. *Medway*, for instance.

Unholy death

She carries foundries, machine shops, and scores of artisans' workshops to do the work that is constantly needed on the delicate machinery of submarines.

Apart from her own crew, she must have accommodation for the 750 officers and men who are the crews of the flotilla, together with the reserve crews, since submarines can only carry a bare minimum of men, and they need constant change of service because of the nerve-racking condition of their duties.

There is no submarine in which the air does not become rapidly foul, and on most of them it is impossible to stand erect along the greater portion of the ship.

On the credit side nothing can be said for the submarine. They have shown their uselessness in war except for commerce-raiding. They stand no chance against the organised vigilance of naval craft. Their blindness and lack of speed make them especially vulnerable to attack.

Gamble no more!

On every ground the submarine has failed. Several First Lords of the Admiralty have pleaded, with full knowledge of all the facts, for their abolition. Mr. A. V. Alexander declared two years ago:

"Is it not time to say that every time there is a submarine disaster the public conscience is shocked at our own flesh and blood being required by national policy and exigency to face death under conditions in which they have no more chance than a rat in a trap?"

The *M2* disaster is further proof of the tragic truth of that utterance. Is it too much to hope that it will put an end at last to the deadly gamble that life in the submarine service entails?

JUNIOR PARTNER'S TRIUMPH

MR. DERRICK MILLINGTON, of 57, Grosvenor Park Road, Walthamstow, London, E., is the youngest of three brothers engaged in business in the City as wholesale and manufacturing opticians.

Shrewd and progressive, he has long been anxious to install a machine for finishing off lenses.

But such a machine costs close on £100, while other improvements that Mr. Millington has in mind would bring the bill up to double this sum.

He did not wish to borrow, but became interested in JOHN BULL'S crossword puzzles.

Mr. Millington, senior, is a reader of many years' standing, so it was only natural that it was our competitions that attracted the young business man's attention.

In the beginning he made errors. Then, one day, he sent in an entry which contained only three. That was a week during which another reader won £500 outright.

If others could succeed, Mr. Millington felt that there was ample hope for him.

So he continued in his efforts on his quest for the capital he wanted for expansion. At home by the fireside on winter evenings, and on Sunday afternoons, he made our crossword puzzles his hobby and his bent.

Competition No. 150 he thought was absurdly easy. When he posted his entries he felt quite sure that a lot of readers would get it right.

He had left home for his office when the letter came, and was hard at work when his father rang him up to break the good news to him.

His was the only correct solution sent in! He alone is entitled to the sum of £800.

With that capital at his back, Mr. Derrick Millington can carry out all his desired improvements to the business which was his father's before he with his two brothers took it over.

Before very long their establishment will boast the new automatic grinders turning out the lenses required in a growing business.

And £800 leaves a comfortable margin over. A substantial reserve fund, a hundred put by for a rainy day, a couple of hundred with which to furnish a home for himself when some day he will need it.

And, in the not far distant future, enough with which to enjoy three glorious weeks in Sunny Devon, Wild Wales, or on the Yorkshire moors.

A much bigger opportunity than Mr. Millington grasped is yours to-day. Spend an amusing half-hour with the Cross word on page 40 and a Life Pension of £3 a week may be yours!

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WRITE for a copy of the new BOURNVILLE GIFT BOOK. Simply address: New Gifts, Cadbury's, Bournville. Mention *John Bull* when writing. See advt. on page 33.

The Proprietors of KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM announce a new Liquid KOLYNOS for clearing the nasal passages to kill all germs. The Sprinkler Pack can be obtained by enclosing remittance and sending to the address appearing in the advt. on page 35.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S OPEN LETTER TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE

There is a great cause for you to fight — go out and win!

Be St. George Again!

DEAR Mr. Lloyd George,—Fresh back as I am from Wales, which still worships you, I feel all the more surprised that you do not emerge from your Achilles tent and do something.

I became refreshed and revived even when I heard of what you can do.

You were the greatest man in the world, I heard—the greatest man of the century, anywhere!

You have had a nice holiday after your serious illness, and you are fit and strong—too fit, indeed, to waste your time in the House of Commons, where nothing that you say or do can be of the slightest avail against the all-conquering hordes which will face you from the other side.

* * *

You won the War, they say. We all know you lost the Peace—that the world is still stricken and ill because of the crime of Versailles, in which you were either one of the worst criminals or one of the sorriest dupes.

Indeed, because of the blunder of war debts and reparations, against the consequences of which you were warned, it would almost seem that civilisation, as we know it, is crashing to its fall.

That you cannot avert, for you have lost power. But you can still do much at home.

Were you ten years younger, I have no doubt you would be trying to lead the Labour Party.

But, then, they would not have you, for they do not trust you any more than they would again trust Ramsay MacDonald, whose future, indeed, is as doubtful as your present is certain.

There is no place for you in the front rank of politics in the future—that is, of course, unless something unforeseen happens, and politics is so often the unforeseen.

Now, why do you not go out, just as once you went out in the Limehouse days, and rouse the country to defend the Social Services of which you, more than any other living man, were the beginner, the father and the mother? Here is something in which you do believe, whatever the cynics may say.

You have the most eloquent tongue in Britain. When you speak, you can draw a larger audience than any other man in the country.

You cannot do it in the House of Commons, for no one will listen, and the Tory Press would not report your speeches fairly, anyway.

So why do you not go out on a wild and raging propaganda tour, once again telling England why land values should be taxed, defending education and housing schemes in each of the big centres, always quoting the local facts, and attacking the iniquitous means test, which you, of all men, I am certain, must loathe in your heart?

There are millions of people to-day in England who are being penalised by tyrannies and petty economies, pitifully terrible. The teachers are being squeezed, war-stricken heroes are being half-starved because of the reduction in the allowances. Work on the roads and the houses is being stopped, or delayed.

* * *

Every ameliorative effort is being murdered by a gang of people who, working in the dark, hate reform, loathe progress, turn pink at the very name of Democracy.

When you originated National Health Insurance, you had knowledge of all these things in your mind.

When you attacked the great ground landlords, you gave hope to all the reformers, but now a small land tax, pitifully small, but the result of your fervid oratory in the past, has been destroyed by a group of men who seem to be the landlords' secret friends.

There is no one in England who could do what you could do to-day for all the little people of the land. If the Labour Party goes out with propaganda of this kind, it is merely accused of buying votes from its supporters.

You can be accused of nothing of the sort, for you have no Party, and no following. And, so far as I can see, never again will you have one.

For the first time in your life you are in a position of absolute freedom.

No, it is no good doing it in the House of Commons.

But if you were to take the twenty great towns of England and warn their municipalities and the county councils, which form part of their government, and warn all the architects and builders and the education authorities of the terrible plot that is being hatched against the poor, and, more than that, is being carried into effect, you could earn for yourself the thanks of posterity. But give them, in each tour, the local facts.

Tell them that while we go on wasting 14s. in every pound in taxation on wars, past, present and future, and we merely become mean and petty over the other 6s., which has to buy for the nation everything in the world that matters, we are committing against civilisation the greatest crime the world has ever known.

Do this for Britain's sake—the Britain of to-day and the Britain of to-morrow.

Candid Communications

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—An unpardonable injustice has been done to the sub-postmaster of St. Mary Cray, Kent, by an error in the Revenue Department's accounts.

A defalcation of over £21 is attributed to Mr. P. G. Cook, who was appointed in June, 1929, and whose accounts are in perfect order, though his predecessor was convicted of forgery.

Nothing has been done to vindicate Mr Cook's character, and I look to you for instant action in this matter.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD SANKEY,
Ormonde Gate, London, S.W.

DEAR LORD CHANCELLOR,—I trust you will adopt the timely suggestion of Mr. Jack Hayes, the ex-policeman M.P., that non-criminal courts should be set up to deal with motoring offenders.

The business of police courts is impeded by such cases, which in consequence are often hastily dealt with. The result is that harsh penalties are sometimes imposed for trifling technical offences.

JOHN BULL.

Herr FRITZ KREISLER,
London

DEAR HERR KREISLER,—While strolling through Dublin a few nights ago you were attracted by the fiddling of a pretty girl and gave her a gratuity. You returned next night to get her name and address.

As a result of this chance meeting the girl, Miss Lilian McEvoy, has secured a week's work at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. It is a fine thing that the world's greatest violinist should be so ready to help one of the humblest members of his profession.

JOHN BULL.

W. E. M.,
Manor Park, London, E.12

DEAR SIR,—Your excellent example in repaying the kindness shown to you at a London hospital thirty years ago by adding a penny a day to its coffers, and your resolve to continue this for the rest of your life, deserves the highest praise.

It is characteristic of one possessing such a deep sense of gratitude to wish his name to remain unknown.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BERT HINKLER, flying champion: Regret you have to leave the country to look for work. This is poor tribute to record flights you made for Britain.—JOHN BULL.

FREDERICK LEWINGTON,
c/o The Old Bailey, London

DEAR LEWINGTON,—Despite your long criminal record, you have amply proved the truth of the saying that no man is wholly bad.

When you were sentenced recently to five years' penal servitude for fraud, it was revealed that on two occasions you gave a transfusion of blood to a patient in Hull Infirmary, and you shared the £5 paid for one of the operations between the hospital and the patient. What a pity you remain a rogue.

JOHN BULL.

CHIEF OFFICER, L.C.C. Fire Brigade: Regret that wages of your men are to be cut. I have long championed firemen and urged better pay. Trust other brigades do not follow London's lamentable example.—JOHN BULL.

Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN,
Great College Street, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I commend your decision to retire from political life in favour of younger men. Your viewpoint is sound common sense—a thing rare among politicians.

Your career has been a long and honourable one, and your sincerity was never in question, not even when, as a protest against the policy which involved England in the war, you resigned from the Government of the day.

I hope your abilities will not now lie fallow—that good causes, particularly education, will still have your public-spirited interest.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. JENKINS,
Liverpool

DEAR SIR,—For the bravest deed of the year you have been awarded the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society—a much-coveted honour.

A ship's cook, you dived into the sea to the rescue of a man washed overboard. You did not succeed, unfortunately, and were picked up nearly exhausted by the ship's lifeboat, which was smashed by the heavy waves.

This is a worthy addition to the list of heroic deeds at sea.

I salute you. JOHN BULL.

LORD LOCH,
Lennox Gardens, S.W.

SIR,—I am with you in your defence of greyhound racing as "the poor man's sport." That it now forms part of our daily life is very evident.

The crooks, of course, are always with us, and it is the responsibility of honourable men like yourself to see that dog-racing is kept clean and above suspicion.

And I am sure that you will succeed.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. A. WILSON,
Chief Constable of Cardiff

DEAR SIR,—You have condemned the lenient sentences so often imposed on shop- and house-breakers. You maintain that the result of so many persons being bound over or placed on probation is an increasing number of burglaries.

I am all for the human attitude towards offenders, but certainly agree with you that in many cases binding-over and probation is not the wisest course.

We want humanity displayed from the Bench, but we want it to be sure that the public is adequately protected, too.

JOHN BULL.

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Preceptors, College of
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Radio Reception
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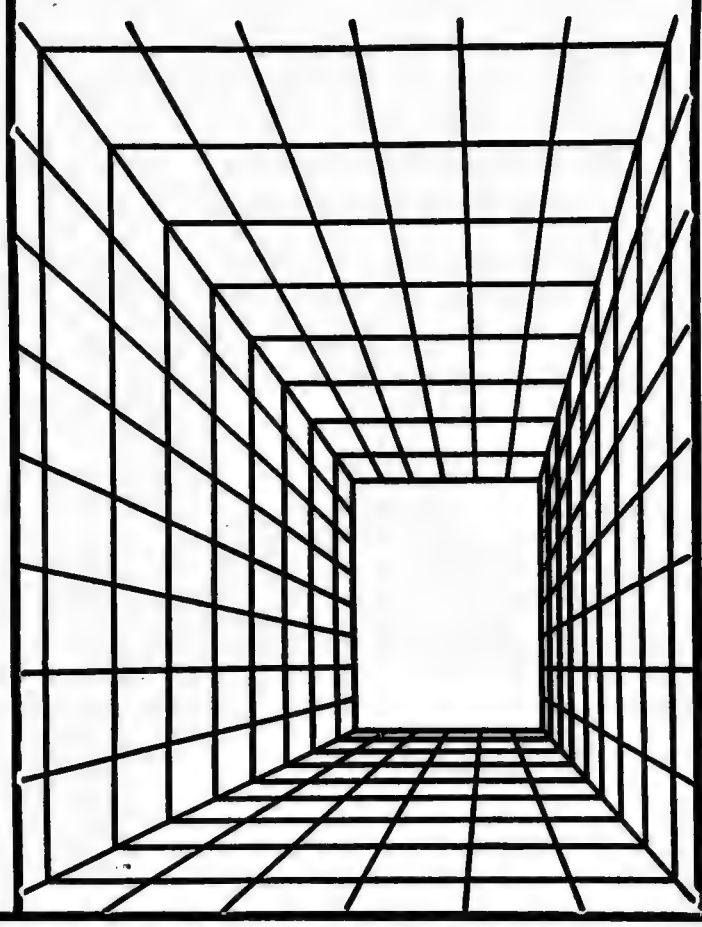

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Jim Duck

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The following letter, received from Mr. Kingsley, of Harringay, London, N.4, will interest all readers suffering from coughs and bronchial troubles: "Upon getting into bed one dose of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup enables me to sleep for several hours, whereas I used to seldom sleep for more than half an hour at a time. If I wake after a few hours a small dose keeps me from coughing for the rest of the night." Whether your cough is bronchial, throaty, or from the stomach, you can instantly allay the coughing and soothe the irritable membrane with half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup. This moves the phlegm like magic, clears the bronchial tubes, kills the cold germs, banishes "tickle," and soothes and heals the throat and chest. Relief is immediate—whether you cough at night or during the day there is no quicker, surer, or more pleasant remedy. Ask your chemist for a 1s. 6d. bottle of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup. It acts, soothes, relieves instantly!

What is JAPAN'S Little Game?

by A. G. GARDINER

"A mad dog let loose . . . the wholesale massacre of innocent people"

WHEN Mr. Lansbury in the House of Commons the other day spoke of the "infernal piracy" of Japan in China there were cries of "Hush, hush!" and the Speaker solemnly warned the leader of the Opposition that that was not the language to use about "a friendly Power."

It may not have been the language of diplomacy; but it was the language of truth. And the sooner it becomes the language of diplomacy, too, the better for the world.

For there has never been a more insolent affront to civilisation or a more shocking outrage to humanity than that which is being perpetrated in the Far East, while all the nations sit by with folded hands and discuss peace and disarmament at Geneva.

Dastardly piracy

The fact that a mad dog is loose in the world is serious enough. Far more serious is the fact that the world is helpless to chain it up.

It is that helplessness which is the alarming aspect of what is happening in China. For if one mad dog can successfully challenge civilisation, then the cult of the mad dog is established and Geneva and the League of Nations can go into cold storage for good.

It is no excuse for Japan's piracy that she has grievances against China. Most of us have grievances against China. That country after two thousand years of sleep woke up a generation ago and has since been heaving with revolution. And you cannot have four hundred million people heaving with revolution without discomfort to their neighbours.

Nor can you have so vast a carcase adrift without temptation to all the sharks of the sea.

When Japan defeated China nearly forty years ago the Powers intervened to save the carcase and, incidentally, to protect their own interests. Japan had to be content with concessions in Manchuria and elsewhere; but her ambition to establish herself on the mainland as the ruler of China and the dominant Power in Asia has never been quenched. She seized the opportunity afforded by the Great War to claim the Shantung peninsula and to put forward her twenty-one points which would have made her omnipotent in China.

Powerless powers

But again she was checked by the Powers, this time at Washington.

Now she has come again for her third attempt and this time she has come in a new spirit. She has come in truculent defiance of the Powers.

She sprang the mine first in Manchuria, where she sent a punitive expedition in the autumn on the ground that her railway concessions there had been obstructed by Chinese bandits.

It was probably true. Manchuria is a country as big as France and Germany together, and it is admitted that there is no effective Government there.

But Japan's remedy was to appeal to her co-signatories of the Nine Powers Treaty of 1922 which she had signed and which forbids independent military action.

She did not do so. She ignored all protests, explained that she had no intention of occupying the country, said that the Government disapproved but that the military power was not under their control. The League Council continued to protest, but took no action. To-day the whole of Manchuria is in possession of Japan.

So far, good. Manchuria had tested whether the League meant business. It showed that the Powers were helpless. Forthwith Japan struck boldly for higher game.

For weeks past she has been carrying war and desolation into one of the chief cities in China proper—a city, moreover, which is the centre of the great International Settlement.

On what ground? This, that the wicked Chinese, angry at the proceedings in Manchuria, have organised a boycott of Japanese goods.

And still the bluff is not called. Still the Powers of the earth sit helpless while a defenceless city is bombarded by warships and aeroplanes, and the wholesale massacre of innocent people, men, women and children, is perpetrated day and night. The League Council has sent out a Commission and registered more feeble protests and Britain and America have despatched warnings to Tokyo.

But Tokyo takes no notice. Tokyo just goes ahead as though the great Powers were merely stuffed lions and sends more ships, more troops, more aeroplanes to carry death and destruction into China.

The world is in the presence of the most colossal piece of daylight brigandage in history. China is being conquered before our eyes and all the nations look on helpless.

Why? What is the meaning of this amazing paralysis? Why has the Nine Powers Treaty not been invoked? Why has the League failed to take action under its covenant? Japan is a signatory to both documents and she has brazenly disregarded each. She has torn her solemn undertakings to shreds and thrown them in the face of the nations. Why has the insult been accepted?

Who else?

Not for want of power. Action should, of course, have been taken at the first breach of the treaties in Manchuria. If the Powers, whether under the one Treaty or the other, had immediately demanded the cessation of the brigand expedition to Mukden and threatened the withdrawal of ambassadors from Tokyo, Japan's bluff would have been called. It could not have faced diplomatic isolation and the censure of the world.

Even if she had continued she would have been brought to heel with the next step, which would have been her economic isolation. With the ports of the world closed against her trade she would have had no course but to yield.

But neither of these measures was adopted then nor since. Not even in face of the horrors of Shanghai has a finger been lifted by the League or the Powers to save a people whose signature, like that of Japan, is on both the Treaty and the Covenant.

Is it conceivable that Japan could have taken these risks and played this desperate hand alone? To put it another way, is it conceivable that the League and the Powers could have tolerated these outrages if they had not been afraid of more than Japan?

France!

The explanation was more than hinted at by the Washington correspondent of *The Times* some weeks ago, when he said that it was notorious there that France had an agreement with Japan.

Since then it has been publicly stated that the agreement provides French support for Japan in the Far East in return for Japan's support for French policy in Europe. If this is true, we need not ask why Japan has torn up her treaties and scorned the protests of the League. She knows the League is hamstrung. And she knows who has hamstrung it.

No good purpose is served by burying our heads in the sand and crying "Hush, hush!" in the House of Commons. We must know where we are. The world must know where it is. And the first question that must be asked is this: Is the mad dog loose because France refuses to consent to chaining it up?

Not from the B.B.C.:

Pola's Fourth FLUTTER

YES, marriage, of course, is a gamble,
Its prizes outnumbered by blanks
Yet long have I joined in the scramble.
No star in the Hollywood ranks
Knows more of its sorrows than I, for
Three husbands have known me as wife;
Yet none was the man that I sigh for,
The love of my life.

Three times have I gone to the altar
And tried to mix marriage with Art;
But not even now do I falter
In seeking the mate of my heart
Though titles some glamour may carry,
A simple man's love is more rare,
And so I'm proposing to marry—
A shy millionaire!

Yes, girls, it's true! And don't you think it's too perfectly sweet? I'm sure all my girl fans will rejoice to know that poor Pola, who has loved much and suffered more, has at long last found her Ideal.

Of course, I know what my enemies will say. "Poor, dear Pola," they will say, "she has been Princess Serge Mdivani, Countess Eugene Domski, and Baroness Popper, and now she's to become plain Mrs. Somebody! She's coming down in the scale. By the time she has divorced her seventh husband she'll probably have to be content with a J.P. or an out-o'-work politician."

But what care I for the sneers of my enemies? A Prince once married a beggar-maid, so why should not an ex-Baroness-Countess-Princess stoop to a humble, untitled millionaire?

Love—such love as mine—rises superior to considerations of birth and rank. Believe me, girls, a humble home on Riverside Drive shared with the man one loves, and a simple steam yacht in which one can escape from the hectic life of cities, is infinitely to be preferred to the empty honour of being addressed as "Highness."

Of course, everybody wants to know the name of my latest and greatest love. But, as my publicity-agent has already explained, that is my secret—a secret which will not be revealed until our marriage in the summer. For the dear man is terribly shy and simply loathes publicity—so, you see, we have something in common.

All that I can tell you now is that he is a fine man—a man I can look up to—and is fifteen years older than me, which, of course, doesn't make him so verree old, does it, girls? No, of course not!

He has been waiting for me for six long years, and I am verree, verree 'appy, because I feel that with him I will find what I have always craved for—peace! That's all that poor Pola wants—just peace!

When a vampire isn't luring men to Hades
With kisses that are like an adder's stings,
Her thoughts, like those of dear, old-fashioned ladies,
Are occupied with simple, homely things;
And she looks with eyes regretful
On the fev'rish life and fretful
Which is all her tawdry toll of triumph brings.

What use a coat-of-arms upon her carriage
If her girlish heart is overcome with care?
Far better have another try at marriage
With a plain, unspoilt and bashful millionaire!
Peace at last I hope to capture,
And to know love's finest rapture,
For I still have love (and he has cash) to spare!

"'morning Sir!"

Cheerful—punctual at school every morning—John always seems such a *fit* and healthy boy. His mother says it's because he has a big cup of Rowntree's Cocoa for breakfast and another for supper every day.

He likes it better than any drink—he always says it tastes just like the nicest chocolate.

Why Doctors and Dietitians recommend

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

Rowntree's Cocoa is included by Doctors and Dietitians in the daily diet sheets of children because it contains just those nourishing food elements that are essential to growing children.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

BRITISH MADE
BRITISH OWNED

3 Free Gift Coupons
in every ½-lb. tin

CO 417-36

Never-ending hours of Sleeplessness

WILL you sleep soundly to-night? Or will you endure those never-ending hours of sleeplessness, so that you rise in the morning more tired than when you went to bed?

There is no better way of ensuring deep refreshing sleep than by taking some form of light, easily-digested nourishment before you go to bed. For this purpose "Ovaltine" stands supreme. No other food supplies to the same high degree the concentrated food elements extracted from Nature's best foods. Taken at bedtime it allays digestive unrest, soothes and restores the nerves, and ensures that natural sleep from which you will awake gloriously refreshed.

It is only possible to supply this supreme tonic food beverage at the present low prices because of the world-wide sale it enjoys. "Ovaltine" is the world's best night-cap—there is nothing "just-as-good."

"Ovaltine" is an original product made from home-grown produce—specially prepared malt extract, fresh creamy milk, and new-laid eggs from our own and selected farms. The manufacturers of "Ovaltine" are the largest users in the world of these products for a proprietary food beverage. The original and scientific method of preparation is exclusively used for "Ovaltine." It contains no indigestible starch and no added sugar to give it bulk and to cheapen the cost. Sugar is cheap and can be added in the home if required.

The wonderful conditions under which this supreme health-giving beverage is made are not surpassed in any country in the world. The factory at King's Langley, Hertfordshire, has been described as the "Ideal of what a food factory should be." A more hygienic or better equipped factory does not exist, nor is there one in which more up-to-date machinery is installed.

'OVALTINE'

Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 *and* 3/3.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS *Reveals the Plight of—*

A THOUSAND *Tragic Families*

I RECENTLY received a letter from some of our settlers in Australia containing grave charges of misrepresentations and heartless treatments that have brought many of them to destitution.

Most of these allegations, I regret to say, appear to be only too well founded.

Investigations I have had made reveal a tragic story of men and women reduced to penury and broken in health and spirits by Governmental muddling and a cynical disregard of promises, both specific and implied.

Some time ago the British Government, the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia, and the Victorian State Government concluded a tri-party agreement regarding the Victorian Government Land Settlement Scheme.

Prosperity's lure

By this agreement the Imperial Government made a £34,000,000 loan to the State of Victoria for the purpose of settling British emigrants, who were prepared to invest a minimum of £200, on land throughout the State.

Immediately this agreement was concluded a flood of literature, setting forth its details and stressing the great opportunities offered to settlers, was released in this country.

One booklet was headed "Victoria, the Speedway to Rural Prosperity."

Applicants for further information were seen by officials of Australia House, London, and glowing pictures of farming in Victoria were painted.

One promise made to intending settlers was that men without experience on the land would be given twelve months' training either at the Elcho State Training Farm, outside Melbourne, or with individual farmers to whom they would be allotted.

Some 1,000 families left Britain for Victoria under this scheme. There are now about 500 families grimly hanging on to their land, living under the most primitive conditions, working from sunrise to sunset, loaded down with debt, and facing the almost hopeless task of trying to force a bare living from a hard, unyielding soil.

The others, their capital gone and their spirits broken, are scattered throughout the world. Some are in asylums, mentally broken by the privation, poor food and back-breaking work; some are in hospital, physical wrecks; and still others have returned home to try and find jobs with the help of their friends and relatives.

Clearing operations in The Mallee district. Such scenes as this led the Britishers to believe that they had a fair chance of making good

Stubborn soil

Most of the families who migrated under this scheme were settled in The Mallee (the district in the northern part of the State), which takes its name from the shrub that covers it for miles upon miles.

It has stubbornly defied clearing. The roots of The Mallee spread deep into the ground and sprout and re-sprout, even after they have been burned in the ground, dynamited, and torn bodily from the earth by horses and tractors.

On arriving in Victoria the settlers got their first shock. Men, who had never been on a farm and who had counted on the promised twelve months' training, were told to take up their selections after a bare six weeks at the Elcho Training Farm.

Knowing nothing of Australian conditions, unused to the heat, the flies, the shortage of water, the lack of green food, the hot winds, and sand-storms and dust-storms, they were turned loose in practically virgin bush.

Although the propaganda literature issued by Australia House carried profuse illustrations of Australian homesteads, many of the settlers found themselves dumped in the bush with their young families on "farms" that did not even boast of a bag humpy—a hut made of sacking—for shelter.

These were the foretastes of this "Speedway to Rural Prosperity," but, despite the difficulties, the settlers got to work.

Heartbreaking

They built homes and painfully cleared the land, foot by foot; cutting the Mallee and burning or tearing or blasting its roots; they cut rough tracks through the bush and carted tools and supplies from the railway stations, ten to twenty miles distant; they sank wells and built fences.

After months of this gruelling work it began to dawn on them that they were up against an almost impossible proposition. They discovered that the promises made to them were being broken one by one and that they were merely piling debt upon debt without any prospect of making the land pay.

Under the inter-Governmental agreement, the Victorian Government was being loaned by the British Government £1,000, which was later raised to £1,500, at 1 to 1½ per cent. for each settler. This money, the settlers found, was being doled out to them as loans at 5 per cent.

Their individual grievances meeting with no redress, the settlers finally formed small associations; and these were later merged in the British Overseas Settlers' Association of Victoria.

No guarantee

Some of them were settled on partially cleared land and they discovered that in many instances they were on holdings that Australian ex-soldiers had abandoned in despair of ever making them pay.

They found that statistics regarding the yield of the land, the rainfall, and the general conditions were unduly optimistic and that some of their indebtedness for maintenance loans was piling up at compound interest.

Despite the strictest stringency, the maintenance grants were insufficient for their family needs. As the clothes and supplies they brought from England began to wear out they were unable to replace them adequately, and their miserable standard of living sank still further.

Repeated representations to the Victorian Government met with no satisfactory response, and the settlers petitioned the Federal Government, and finally the Imperial Government.

Under this pressure, a Royal Commission was recently set up, but I find that its terms of reference are very limited and that even if it finds in favour of the settlers there is no guarantee that they will get any redress.

Wasted years

The plight—both of those who through ill-health or despair have abandoned their holdings and those who are still grimly fighting relentless Nature—is pitiable in the extreme. Many are practically destitute.

The whole handling of this scheme, to which £34,000,000 of British capital has been loaned at nominal interest and in which thousands of pounds of the settlers' money has been lost, is deplorable.

In the interests of Empire emigration, its victims must be compensated for their loss of capital and for the years of hard work they have wasted.

FRAUD on *Wheels*

UNEMPLOYED men have been cruelly robbed of their savings through an impudent scheme launched in the name of the All-Weather Cycle Company, of Victoria Street, Luton.

Attracted in the first place by advertisements in the Press, they were overjoyed to receive a letter offering them a definite engagement.

Each agent was requested to deposit a guinea with the company, which, in turn, promised to forward a show model of its famous "All weather bicycle" for demonstration purposes.

It was hoped in this way to build up an agency service throughout the country. Each agent would be required to tour his particular territory on the show bicycle in an endeavour to interest the public, and commission of 10s. in the £1 was promised on every bicycle he sold.

* * *

The company's notepaper intimated that its headquarters were in Coventry, so applicants were led to believe that it was of some standing.

But after they had parted with their cash deposits an unbroken silence followed. The promised show bicycles never came to hand, and letters of reminder have been ignored.

The whole business is a cleverly planned swindle, for there is no such concern as the All-Weather Cycle Company, either in Luton or Coventry.

It is simply a trading name used by a man called James Leng, who took the Luton office for one month only.

Bonus Bluffer at Large

A TRICKSTER with many aliases, who impudently misuses the names of reputable commercial firms, is at present touring the country by car and victimising householders by promising them handsome cash bonuses.

In recent weeks he has been active in Gosport, Lincoln, Long Ashton, Great Marlow, Kettering, Salisbury and Bristol.

Sometimes he is known as Mr. Ralph Marten; sometimes as Mr. Sinclair or Mr. Coles; but his main story never varies.

He says he is the representative of some well-known textile house which is adopting a new publicity scheme to popularise its hosiery.

Anyone placing a trial order ranging from £1 to £7 will be eligible for cash bonuses of from £50 to £350, to be given in connection with a simple competition scheme.

When we say that Marten has the audacity to pretend that firms like Courtaulds, Ltd., and Henry Peabody and Co., Ltd., are behind these offers, it will be understood that housewives and small shopkeepers are easily persuaded to place orders and to pay cash.

At Clacton the other day he went still farther and declared that names and addresses of recent winners had been lodged with local authorities.

Whatever his pose, Marten tells all his victims that the competition is being specially conducted from an address in Wickford Road, Hammersmith, London, W., but investigation shows us that there is no road of the name in that locality.

OUT TO-MORROW!

Friday, Feb. 19th

The NEW PICTUREGOER

ALL PHOTOGRAVURE

TWOPENCE — WEEKLY.

Bigger and Better than ever!

Greatly enlarged! Marvellously improved! More sparkle! More glamour! Many are the surprises in store for film fans when they open the new 32-page "Picturegoer" out to-morrow—*Different*—wonderfully different—is this magnetic production!

Never before has a film magazine soared to such dazzling heights! Lively as a carnival are the ***splashes of colour inside!***

Look at some of the features!—Mary Nolan, the world's most beautiful blonde—famous model at 13—a "Follies" sensation at 15—the talk of Hollywood at 16—begins her unvarnished and amazing life story. The opening chapters of this new series—gripping, startling, tense, will leave you breathless with amazement. The truth about Garbo leaks out at last. Sparkling eyes, alluring personalities, greet the eye on every page. Full-page portraits woo and win you.

Here at last is the perfect paper for the film lover and it only costs 2d. Although ***greatly enlarged,*** there is ***no increase*** in price. You must not miss the new "Picturegoer" out to-morrow.

UNWORTHY OF HIS Cloth

FROM pulpit and platform the wail rises louder and louder that the churches are emptying and that the people's respect for some of our clergy is not what it was.

That is not surprising if there are in the ministry many gentlemen of the calibre of the Rev. Connop Campbell Fitz-Henry Miles.

He is rector of the parish of Sparham in Norfolk.

He is also a bigot of the worst type.

The other day, the Rev. Connop Miles believed he had discovered that a long-hidden skeleton lay in the family cupboard of the oldest inhabitant of the district who had just died.

With an astounding display of un-Christian venom and brutality, he opened the cupboard door and rattled the bones of the supposed skeleton fiercely to inflict barbarous pain upon a great number of innocent people.

Our contempt for this inhuman rector will be understood by those who read of the manner in which he behaves towards the dead and the living.

Mr. Henry Watling died a few days ago in Sparham, where he was born ninety years ago and where he had lived longer than any other person.

This very old man bore the name of a family of yeomen which has its roots deep in the history of East Anglia and its branches extending profusely into the Empire.

In his long lifetime no man had reason to accuse Henry Watling of dishonourable conduct. His career was as spotless as that of the best of his fellows and a wealth of tribute was paid at his funeral by many mourners.

Only in death was the old man attacked and slandered by the uncharitable Reverend Connop Miles!

In the shadow of the ancient church of Sparham, where Henry Watling was baptised soon after the marriage of the young Queen Victoria, he and his wife reared a family of four sons and two daughters, and their children were baptised there.

The Bishop of Norwich should further educate the Rector of Sparham in the first principle of Christianity

Wife's tragic fate

All of them are long since married and most of their children, now adult men and women, were in turn baptised and confirmed in the parish church.

Although he never considered himself severed from the Established Church, Henry Watling, as was common in the mid-Victorian period, divided his allegiance between it and the chapel and attended services in both.

His youngest child was born forty-six years ago and, at the birth, Mrs Watling developed a dreaded fever. Her brain became affected and soon afterwards the poor woman had to be removed to an asylum in Norwich.

Many years passed and the condition of Mrs. Watling grew steadily worse. All hope of her recovery was abandoned and the husband at last learned that his wife could never be restored to him from the institution.

One by one his family married and went from their home.

When none of his children was left with him, Mr. Watling had become a frail man of sixty-eight. Ill-health was upon him and he knew that soon he would have to relinquish active work. His wife had then been in the asylum for more than twenty years and the doctors had told him it was inevitable she should die there.

So that he could be tended, therefore, for the period of life still before him, Mr. Watling twenty years ago—then on the threshold of seventy—sought the services of a housekeeper.

During his life of ninety years no man had reason to accuse Henry Watling of dishonourable conduct

Cruel attack

He found one in a widow who also lived in this rural district, but she made it a condition of her engagement that accommodation should be found at his home for her two children. She remained with Mr. Watling until his death the other day, although some time ago she was afflicted with blindness.

Mr. Watling, who had been physically stricken for a number of years past, also became blind before his death.

Those members of his family who still reside in Norfolk appointed the youngest son, Mr. William Watling, to make the arrangements for the funeral with the rector.

The son, who, incidentally, had been bell-ringer of the parish church for a quarter of a century, encountered a staggering blow when he called at the rectory to consult the Rev. Connop Miles.

The clergyman announced emphatically to Mr. Watling that he would not allow the coffin containing his father's remains to enter or lie in the church and that he would refuse to conduct a funeral service there.

The son, naturally, asked for explanations.

Such revelations as the Rev. Connop Miles had to make should not, he thought, be laid bare within the rectory. So he took Mr. Watling outside to the rectory courtyard.

Dead man slandered

There he informed him that he would no more think of performing the funeral rites in church for his father than he would for a man who had hanged himself.

The son was speechless with amazement as the rector proceeded with his denunciation of the dead.

Since he came to the parish during the war, said the Rev. Connop Miles, he had heard that old Mr. Watling had defiled his life by living in immoral association with the woman who had been engaged as his housekeeper twenty years ago when his wife was approaching the end of her life in the asylum.

Not satisfied with that cruel blow, this Christian minister drove his dagger still deeper.

He had also been told, he added, that the old man was the father of one, if not both, of the children who accompanied the housekeeper to Mr. Watling's home. Both these children, incidentally, are now married and have families of their own.

The pastor's example

The son protested that the rector must be making a hideous mistake and challenged him to produce any proof of his statements other than the gossip which he might have heard.

"I am sorry," declared the rector as he curtly dismissed Mr. Watling. "I refuse under any conditions to allow your father's body to lie in my church or to permit a funeral service to be held there."

Thus, in death, was ninety-year-old Mr. Watling barred from the church in which he, his children and grandchildren had been baptised and which he had attended in life.

A service for the dead was performed in the village Wesleyan Methodist chapel by a pastor of that denomination. Although it was his oldest parishioner who was being laid to rest, the rector did not even join the mourners at the graveside.

But two generations of Mr. Watling's descendants were there, and their agony of mind can be understood when they asked and were told why the parish church had been refused for the repose of the body and the last service.

Retract!

Even if the accusations were true—and Mr. Watling's family deny that they are—the conduct of the Rev. Connop Miles was cruel and abhorrent.

We cannot expect less from him now than a quick and unqualified apology to all the members of the family to which he has caused such grievous hurt.

And we trust that the Bishop of Norwich will soon take this ungracious rector into counsel and educate him in the essential Christian precept that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Rector Accuses— THE DEAD!

We Unmask a MYSTERIOUS MAJOR

ONE of the outstanding guests at a Bournemouth hotel recently was a man who signed the register as Major D. V. McLellan, D.S.O.

He did not appear to be very communicative, but gradually let it become known that he held an important official post in Whitehall.

It was also understood that he intended to spend several months in Bournemouth and that he would shortly be joined there by his wife and child, who were supposed to be travelling on the Continent.

The major lived extravagantly, but kept very much to himself. Most of his time was spent in the hotel, where he busied himself by writing pages and pages of matter with an important and secretive air.

He also engaged a private secretary, with whom he had daily conferences, and who seemed to be kept remarkably busy.

Then one day the major could not be found; he simply walked out of the hotel and failed to return!

But this provoking mystery did not remain long unsolved. The major's bill, which had risen rapidly during his brief stay, was unpaid, and the efficient young woman who had been engaged as secretary was as anxious to find her employer as was the hotel manager.

It transpired that the major had induced her to invest a sum of money with him as a condition of her employment, and had then gone off without even troubling to pay her salary.

* * *

Investigation shows that "Major D. V. McLellan" is really the alias of a plausible rogue named Forbes, who has long made a practice of living by fraud.

This doubtless explains why he kept so closely to his hotel during his Bournemouth visit, for he is still being sought eagerly by victims of his previous masquerades.

£2,000 IN CASH PRIZES

1st PRIZE £1,000

2nd PRIZE £400

3rd PRIZE £150

4th PRIZE £50

50 Prizes of £5.

300 Prizes of 10/-.

1,000 handsome Consolation Prizes

CLOSING DATE MARCH 14

MAKE YOUR ENTRY HERE

Name.....

Address.....

Retailer's Name.....

Address.....

STORK MARGARINE

Don't forget to include this stork in your TOTAL

No. of Storks

S. 71A.

THE HUNT IS UP! *everybody is* STALKING THE STORKS

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

USERS OF "PHEASANT," "LION," "TRUMPET" OR "J" FRESH ROLLS MARGARINE MAY ENTER BY SENDING 2 WRAPPERS TAKEN FROM ¼ LB. PACKETS OF ANY OF THESE BRANDS.

1. Mark, in ink, a small cross *on the head* of every Stork you can see in the picture. Write in figures, in the space provided, the total number found.

2. Write *your* name and address, and the name and address of *your retailer from whom you obtained your Stork Margarine* in the space provided above.

3. Return the whole of this picture together with two wrappers taken from ¼ lb. packets of Stork Margarine. Users of "Pheasant," "Lion," "Trumpet" or "J" Fresh Rolls Margarine may also enter by sending two ¼ lb. wrappers from any of these brands.

4. All entries to be sent to:
"STORK" COMPETITION,
32 SEETHING LANE,
LONDON, E.C. 3. (Comp.)

5. You may make as many attempts as you like provided each is accompanied by two wrappers as explained above.

6. The Judges' decision must be accepted as final. No discussion or correspondence will be entered into. No person employed by Jurgens, Ltd., will be allowed to compete.

7. The correct solution has been deposited with Lloyds Bank, and the competitor giving the correct solution, or the nearest to the correct solution, will be entitled to the First Prize, the remaining prizes being awarded in order of merit. In the event of two or more Competitors tie-ing for any Prize, that Prize and the next succeeding Prize or Prizes will be divided equally between the Competitors so tie-ing. If the First Prize is not won the total amount offered in Prizes will still be given, and these will be dealt with and awarded as the Judges may determine to the Competitors whose entries are nearest to the correct solution.

8. A list of prizewinners will be sent to every retailer of Stork Margarine and an announcement of the results will be published in the "Daily Mail," "Daily Express," "Daily Herald" and "Daily Sketch," April 16th, 1932.

Sharpeyes win the prize

8d. lb

STORK MARGARINE

BEST VALUE OBTAINABLE

Note: *Your Retailer has a further supply of Entry Forms*

SBC C-281A

FATHER'S FIGHT *for* *Daughter's Freedom*

IN company with a heart-broken father and mother, one of our representatives has just visited an unhappy girl, who is being held a virtual prisoner in the Coed-y-gric workhouse, in Monmouthshire.

The circumstances in which this girl, Edna May Cox, has been deprived of her liberty constitute a scandal that will rouse the indignation of every parent in the land.

Edna is the eldest daughter of Mr. Arthur Cox, a collier, of Waterloo, Talywain. She started work at fourteen as a clerk in the co-operative stores at the neighbouring town of Abersychan, but had to abandon it after nine months on medical advice.

She had suddenly developed periodical fits of abstraction, followed by a certain drowsiness, and a local medical man pronounced her a victim of anæmia.

Knife-attack mystery

It was arranged that she should remain at home and help her mother, and for several years she led the ordinary life of a young girl of the district, going to dances, whist-drives or kinemas, and mixing freely with her friends.

But she was still subject to fits of abstraction, during which she was always very quiet and reserved.

At twenty she had not outgrown this, so her father consulted a specialist, who gave it as his opinion that Edna was suffering from sleeping sickness.

When this view had been confirmed by another medical man, the father was advised that Edna would be able to get treatment at the Coed-y-gric institution, where she would be under the eye of the matron and a doctor all the time.

Believing that it really would be beneficial, Mr. Cox agreed, and filled in a form sent to him by the county authorities.

Edna entered the institution on December 3, 1930. *She is now in danger of being imprisoned there for life!*

Here are the facts: About three weeks after her admission, she told her father that the form he had signed now contained a statement *that she had attacked her mother with a knife.* Mr. Cox immediately challenged the Master of the institution on this score and was appalled to learn that his daughter had been certified as mentally deficient.

The form was produced for his inspection, and there he saw, in the space for the doctor's remarks, the statement that Edna had attacked her mother with a knife.

Mr. Cox lodged a strong protest that this statement was untrue, but failing to obtain any satisfaction, consulted a solicitor, who immediately took up the matter with the authorities.

Two months elapsed before any official reply was forthcoming; then it was simply stated that Edna was unfit to leave the institution.

Now, the Coed-y-gric institution is an ordinary Poor Law Union, and neither its managers nor its medical officer are specialists in mental diseases.

The family doctor who attended Edna for several years is emphatic that he would never have sent her to such a place.

She pines for home

With her father and mother our representative visited Edna last week. Beyond a certain slowness of speech he found her manner perfectly normal.

She declares that she is receiving no medical treatment, but is forced to work in the laundry from 8 a.m. until 5 p.m. daily, with an hour and a half off for meals.

Yet, in spite of her ordeal, her eyes, behind glasses which her father—and not the authorities—recently bought her, are bright and intelligent.

She is desperately anxious to get home and believes that she would be better there.

She has been allowed out for a few days once or twice, and shortly after her twenty-first birthday she was actually examined by three magistrates, who decided not to discharge her.

Then she was a happy, fun-loving girl. Now, imprisoned and separated from her parents, there is no joy in her life . . .

An appeal was lodged, and after considerable correspondence the parents were allowed to appear with their daughter before four visiting justices.

Each of the parents was seen separately and strenuously denied that their daughter had ever made any attack on her mother.

The justices then recommended that Edna be allowed out on three months' probation; but for some reason she was taken back to the institution and the justices' recommendation was ignored.

Sick at heart at the injustice of it all, Mr. Cox determined to get Edna away himself. When she came home for four days' leave a few weeks ago, he informed the authorities that he had no intention of allowing her to go back and had sent her away to be properly looked after.

He was instantly haled before the court and charged with secreting a mental defective. He unfolded the whole monstrous story, complaining that he had originally allowed Edna to go to the institution for treatment, but that he was now satisfied that they had no means of treating her there.

He again raised the scandalous point of the false assertion that had been added to the form of admission. The court was sympathetic, but intimated that it had no discretion in the matter.

Sorrowing parents

When it was made clear to him that he could do no good and would merely deprive his family of his earnings if he went to jail, Mr. Cox agreed to surrender his daughter again.

So Edna is a prisoner once more, and likely to remain so unless the authorities can be made to realise the enormity of their high-handed action.

On a clear day, the smoke from the chimneys of the Coed-y-gric institution can be seen from the sitting-room of the little council house where the Cox family have their home.

And in a shed adjoining their home lies a motor-cycle and side-car that have never been used.

Mr. Cox scraped and saved to buy them in anticipation of his daughter's release on three-months' probation and had planned to take her out regularly for fresh, health-giving air. Instead, he now watches the smoke rising from the chimneys of his daughter's prison and often thrusts his food aside untouched. . . .

The continued detention of Edna Cox is an outrage, and we look to the Monmouthshire County Council to have this scandal investigated at once.

The Human Machine

A day at a time!

IN these strenuous, complex days it is more difficult than ever to "see life steadily and to see it whole." To maintain a firm grip on oneself, to keep a sane judgment, and to avoid depression is a man-sized job.

Yet there never was a time when there was a greater need for men and women who can rise superior to circumstances and achieve a mastery of their thoughts.

What we must realise is that we ourselves are responsible for our view of life. The course we try and steer is the course that we ourselves have planned. It has not been forced on us. Whatever happens we are free agents. We can think as we like and behave as we like.

But our behaviour will depend on our thoughts. If we think gloom, if we fear and distrust and panic, we shall find ourselves plunging here and there aimlessly and blunderingly, increasing the very depression we are trying to destroy. It is only by thinking coolly and planning calmly that we can move on a deliberately directed course.

Most of us try to look too far ahead. We try to read the future, to guess what may be going to happen instead of being content to grapple with what is happening. The most anyone can do is to shape to-morrow from the happenings of to-day.

THE

SOB-STUFF *Trickster*

A COMEDIAN who deals solely in sob-stuff is something of a novelty, and, in the case of a man who gives the name of Baker, he is also a menace.

For Baker preys upon generous and philanthropic folk, to whom he recounts tales of misfortune.

In a Lancashire town recently he was going about wearing the mask of tragedy and lamenting the fact that a touring revue, in which he had appeared, had just come to grief.

The entire company, he declared, had been left stranded. He was the leading comedian and only one of the sufferers. They had come on full of high hopes; but the promoter had not turned up, and enquiry showed that the "date" had not even been booked!

To make matters worse, the players had been deprived of their salaries for the previous week, as the rascally promoter had absconded with all the takings.

A number of people were thus induced to advance money to the distressed comedian to help him on his way, and facts before us show that their generosity has been sadly misplaced.

His colourful story has not the slightest foundation in fact. Clergymen are his favourite prey, and complaints about him are cropping up in all parts of the country.

Coming Crash of NAPOLE

THE post-war years have seen the passing of many giant financiers, and we can prophesy that one more name will be added soon to the list of sensational downfalls—Martin Coles Harman—if he does not realise the folly of his ways before it is too late.

Harman is the most spectacular figure of them all, as he is certainly the most speculative.

The other giants dabbled in millions; all surrounded themselves with every luxury. But, for the most part, they avoided publicity until their companies were engulfed in financial chaos.

Not so Martin Coles Harman. His name has been before the public repeatedly, for in addition to being a veritable Napoleon of Finance, he is essentially a showman.

Colossal vanity

He aimed at sovereignty, not only in financial circles, but in the popular estimation too. That was why his vanity prompted him to sink £16,000 in acquiring the historic Isle of Lundy in the Bristol Channel; that is why everything he has ever done has always been on a showy, flamboyant scale.

He rules with undisputed sway at his sumptuous City headquarters at 11, Angel Court, London, E.C., from which he controls the destiny of scores of important companies.

The camera certainly does not lie where he is concerned. The cold glint of the eyes; the compressed lips and the square line of his jaw all tell their story.

Could we view the features of the countless investors, whose destinies he has so greatly influenced, they would tell a story, too, for they have grown by bitter experience to regard this uncrowned King of Lundy Isle and Angel Court with anything but esteem.

Many people, including at least one learned judge who presided over a criminal trial in which Harman was a witness, are of the opinion that his dazzling financial activities should have been curbed long ago.

Magic gesture

There was a time when the mere mention of "The Harman Group" conjured up immediate visions of wealth and was sufficient to imbue investors throughout the country with confidence. But that time has passed.

Disaster has threatened on more than one occasion, but it has always been averted by Harman's dauntless personality.

It is often said of men that they can argue that black is white; but Harman does not have to argue. He asserts.

He has quelled many a stormy meeting with a casual phrase or gesture.

Angry investors who have gone to a meeting intending to condemn him have been moved to approve his acts instead and to place further trust in him.

Even now, when some of his company affairs are involving him in overwhelming difficulties, Harman's bombastic courage has not deserted him. He seems to thrive when troubles fall thickest, and his capacity for facing crises is amazing.

With his fingers on the pulse of numerous undertakings burdened with worry, presiding over various boards, attending endless company meetings, or driving to keep one business appointment after another, he yet contrives to preserve his unruffled calm.

COLD glinting eyes; compressed lips; square set jaw tell their own story—Martin Coles Harman, most spectacular financier of his age

The harshest criticism cannot disturb his serenity. "You are a cheat!" he has been told more than once, but has been content to smile.

"Sit down!" "Go away!" "Tell us what you have done with our money!" are a few angry outbursts which have greeted him at company meetings. "Where are our Government securities?" infuriated investors have demanded, but they might have saved their breath.

When Harman deigns to reply, he betrays no emotion; he keeps his traducers guessing.

Harman's City stronghold at Angel Court, where he reigns supreme

Fortunes at stake

"That is just the sort of question I do not propose to answer," he will say with a quiet dignity that is probably as feigned as the anger of investors is real. And on this impressive note discussion has to end.

In recent years Harman, who started his career as a junior clerk in a City office, has had more than £12,000,000 entrusted to companies affiliated to his group and under his influence and control.

Though launched with glowing promises of profit-making possibilities, some of his ventures have shown no tangible return at all.

No commercial proposition that he thought could be effectively exploited has been too big for this king of speculative financiers.

Cement, rubber, water, gas, mines, goldfields, distilleries and artificial silk are but a few of the things in which he has interested himself.

His amazing versatility in this respect is responsible for the assertion, sometimes jocularly made in City circles, that Harman could, if he chose, make money by commercialising moonbeams!

An examination of his methods makes it clear that he would resort to unorthodox tactics in an emergency. He has, indeed, done some amazing things.

There have been occasions when he has not hesitated to take advantage of the inner knowledge he possessed by virtue of his position as supreme chief of his various companies.

Securities have been sold through unscrupulous share-pushers as good industrial stock, when he knew them to be otherwise.

Moneys invested by the public in one company have been diverted by him to other ventures under his control, with unhappy results for the shareholders, many of whom have frequently complained bitterly that they have been kept shamefully in the dark.

Hollow rock

In one instance as much as a quarter of a million was dropped in market valuation through this discreditable device of using one company's market capital to purchase shares in another likewise dominated by him.

One of his big undertakings is the Rock Investment Co., Ltd., and with his usual love of showmanship, he has installed a huge piece of hewn rock in the vestibule of his headquarters at Angel Court, as a symbol of stability and strength.

No dividend

Just how stable the Rock Investment Company really was not long ago can soon be revealed. Before the last general meeting the auditors were not satisfied with the directors' explanations about the alleged value of certain of the company's investments as shown in the balance-sheet. Moreover, there was a heavy loss, and no dividend could be paid.

This is by no means an isolated

LEON of FINANCE

Banned tokens of Harman's self-esteem — specimens of the coins and stamps he issued for use at Lundy Island

Man who would be king—

HARMAN

manipulator of millions and Lord of Lundy Island

Here is Harman's island kingdom; his fortress of solid rock, and a party landing with stores from his steamer

case, for the auditors in other Harman companies have expressed dissatisfaction regarding the alleged value of assets appearing in balance-sheets!

Secret tactics

Harman even controls his own bank—the British Bank of Foreign Trade—through which many of his queer share deals have been carried out. Its later history especially is a disgrace to reputable banking business.

Exercising supreme control, Harman has found this supposed bank an invaluable screen for many of his astonishing manipulations. And while serving him well in certain transactions, it has constantly defaulted when payments were due. It has, in fact, been unable latterly to meet its ordinary obligations.

Though the bank continues in existence, at least one of the Harman companies has actually represented the bank's liability to it as a debt, not as cash—an honest admission, perhaps, but what an amazing state of affairs!

The bank, too, shelters under the Harman wing at his Angel Court headquarters.

It would be possible to level numerous further charges against this wizard of finance, but we shall confine ourselves to some of his most questionable activities.

Although he has enjoyed the confidence of many influential friends, he has also made some very evil acquaintances, among them certain members of the notorious Jacob Factor's camp.

He actually invoked the aid of three of these men some months ago, when one of his companies was moribund and its shares, to all intents and purposes, were unmarketable and well-nigh valueless.

Knowing that Factor's disciples were adept at unloading worthless shares, Harman handed them over half a million pounds worth of stock, using his Bank of Foreign Trade as a screen.

Though each block of stock was supposed to be worth £100 at par, Harman, aware of an inevitable slump, sold them for something like £2 per block.

Factor's men then resold these blocks to unsuspecting investors for £20 or £25 apiece!

What interesting details the books of the British Bank of Foreign Trade could furnish regarding these transactions! But, unfortunately, they are only available for the inspection of the uncrowned king of Lundy Island!

Cat's-paw clerks

In some of his interlocked company share deals you will search for Harman's name in vain. But he has, nevertheless, been behind the scenes, for the names which appear are those of his clerks.

Secrecy is one of his strong points. He has, on occasion, even refused to sign reports drawn up by co-directors showing the true position of affairs in a company.

So it is not surprising that some of his co-directors have, from time to time, resigned as a protest against his methods. He has watched them go with a smile.

When he seeks the solace of his island home he is just as domineering and truculent as he is at Angel Court. Some time ago he came into conflict with the authorities for issuing his own currency and stamps, bearing his name and head instead of that of King George.

Though officially debarred from adding these picturesque touches to his island stronghold, he has sought to assert himself in other directions.

Pirate Island

He has raised a massive stone at one point on the foreshore, bearing the following chiselled ultimatum:

"THIS ISLAND IS ENTIRELY PRIVATE PROPERTY THERE ARE NO PUBLIC ROADS, FOOTPATHS OR RIGHTS OF WAYS WHATEVER HEREON."

It is not surprising that a man of Harman's aspirations should wish to exercise the same all-powerful authority in private life as he enjoys at Angel Court.

That is perhaps why he has sought to establish a little kingdom on Lundy Island.

There, at least, he can hold full sway and the rugged setting is fitting for one who has chosen a rock as an emblem of his commercial might.

He has certainly added a picturesque chapter to the history of Lundy Island—a history crowded with glamour and romance.

Down through the ages it has figured in history as a retreat of pirates, buccaneers, privateers, and smugglers!

One can picture him pacing the wind-swept beach, brooding over past achievements or planning fresh onslaughts upon the pockets of investors.

His home, of solid island rock, is sumptuously appointed, and here he entertains his more favoured guests.

The re-victualling of his stronghold provides an interesting spectacle, for the island has about fifty inhabitants, and supplies have to be be brought regularly from the mainland.

Cargoes of choice wines and food are usually brought near in to shore in his own yacht, transhipped to a dinghy, which in turn is rowed up to the beach, where the supplies have then to be loaded on to a cart for final distribution among the islanders.

Harman is indeed for the moment monarch of all he surveys at Lundy Island and Angel Court. But no head that wore a crown was ever more uneasy than his must be.

This is perhaps why he deems it prudent to retain a "bodyguard," standing 6 ft. 5 in. in height and weighing eighteen stone!

Does he fear a raiding party of disgruntled shareholders? And how much longer, we wonder, will his reign continue?

Intolerable

Time after time the Companies Department of the Board of Trade has been urged by interested shareholders to examine the inner finances of Harman's various companies.

Why they do not do so, as they are empowered to do under the Companies Act, is difficult to understand.

Mr. Harman is undoubtedly a magnate with very pronounced ideas, and his optimism seems boundless.

But we say quite deliberately that some of his methods are of a character that cannot be tolerated any longer.

In many respects his operations can only be characterised as "frenzied finance."

Unless he curbs his lordly ambitions and stringently modifies many of his hazardous practices, he cannot complain of the responsibilities he will have to face if his financial crash comes.

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The Man who "Made"

Gilbert Frankau

—the novelist brings back his cigar-merchant hero in—

PETER JACKSON, Greenhorn!

THIS happened a very long time ago, before Peter Jackson had even thought of marrying his Patricia; when he was only "our Mr. Jackson, junior," with his father still head of the cigar-business, and Smith, most efficient of parlour-maids, still serving them their daily breakfasts, their nightly dinners, in the big, sombre dining-room at Lowndes Square.

Rather dull dinners for a young man only just home from the Continent, but already learning to distinguish the workmanship of a genuine Corona Corona from that of those less aristocratic weeds which are still manufactured in Bremen or the Whitechapel Road.

On Saturdays he rode to hounds. Which meant early to bed on Saturdays; but still left six whole nights in the week for other diversions. And during one of those nights our Mr. Jackson, junior, was presented by a brother Etonian, met fortuitously in the newly-opened restaurant of the Carlton, to Violet Adair.

MRS. ADAIR, it seemed to the innocence of our Mr. Jackson, junior, was transparently a lady. She was transparently lovely, too—a young blonde, with eyes that matched her Christian name, and a way of flirting those eyes at a fellow which would have been called "sex-appealish" in these more enlightened days.

Two nights later found Peter Jackson and Violet Adair at a place where one did dance, a discreet little night club, the first of its especial kind ever opened—but to which, by the way, the young men of the early 1900's brought neither other Etonians' sisters nor their own.

Peter and Violet drank vintage champagne at 12s. a bottle, and over a final half-bottle of that champagne the lady mentioned her husband, who was, it appeared, not alone permanently unappreciative, but permanently absent from the flat in St. James's Court.

And subsequently, though not that same evening, for it was rather late and such a procedure might have been damaging to the lady's reputation, our Mr. Jackson, junior, visited that flat. Whereafter his intimacy with the modest Violet progressed apace.

Our Mr. Jackson, senior, had just acquired his first motor-car, a ponderous, 40-horse-power Spyker; and every now and again Peter and his Violet would borrow that Spyker, in which they once adventured as far as Brighton, returning (at least, according to the "Twenty Years Hence" version of the legend) with only a little decorous hand-holding on the way.

Peter, who told his father most things, told him something of that expedition, feeling only vaguely ruffled at the older man's comment, "If you must sow your wild oats, my boy, don't sow them with married women."

"Oh, but it isn't that sort of affair at all, pater," said our Mr. Jackson, junior. "Violet and I are just good pals, don't you know."

Which made our Mr. Jackson, senior, smile. He believed in letting "the youngster" have his head.

So the youngster had his head, until a certain evening at the office in Lime Street, when his father, who had just answered the telephone, which stood on the double desk between them, put his hand over the receiver of the old-fashioned instrument, and said, before passing it over:

"It's for you. And I imagine it's your friend, Mrs. Adair."

And after our Mr. Jackson, junior, feeling a trifle uncomfortable, had answered, "All right. I'll be with you about nine. Only you really mustn't ring me up at the office," our Mr. Jackson, senior, proceeded to give him what he subsequently described to his cousin, Francis Gordon, as a "pi-jaw" on women in general, and women with absent husbands in particular, till they closed the office for the night.

IT happened to be rather a heavenly night; so they walked as far as the Embankment together, there separating, for our Mr. Jackson, senior, was dining with an old crony at his club.

Meanwhile, our Mr. Jackson, junior, having duly attired himself in a smoking jacket, dined solitary under Smith's auspices in Lowndes Square.

"Silly old ass, my pater," he decided, sipping his second glass of port. "Violet isn't that kind of woman."

But once into the hansom cab which Smith had whistled for him, he began to wonder whether

(*Continued on page 26*)

"VIOLET actually played one or two of our Mr. Jackson, junior's, hands for him"

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PETER JACKSON *Turns the Tables*

(*Continued from page 24*)

his pater was such an ass. Was he in love with Violet? He certainly liked her. Liked her most enormously. And when a woman one liked enormously asked one to "drop in" after dinner . . . "Well, then," decided our Mr. Jackson, junior, "it seems pretty obvious that . . ."

So that when, having opened the door of her top-floor flat for him in person, she announced, "How nice of you to be so punctual, Peter. I wish I could have invited you to dinner; but you know how tiny my dining-room is," and leading him into that exiguous dining-room presented four other guests, all male, he was conscious of a disappointment.

Jolly fellows, those other four guests of his Violet appeared to the innocence of our Mr. Jackson, junior, after a third glass of port.

Two of them, Captain Hart and Major Dyke, declared themselves in "The Service." Mr. Noble, of the florid face and the expansive waistcoat, appeared from his conversation to be some kind of a banker.

The fourth man, very thin, with a carefully waxed, black moustache, by name Sir Lindsay Something-or-other, took pains to inform the newcomer that he was a member of the Bachelors' Club and also of White's.

Captain Hart, it transpired, was very fond of a little game of cards. So was Major Dyke. They both played the new game of bridge. But Mr. Noble had not yet learned bridge. *He* only played "the old-fashioned whist—and occasionally a little game of poker."

Four Queens

BY a peculiar coincidence, moreover, Sir Lindsay liked nothing better than a little game of poker. And a fourth glass of port having followed the third down our Mr. Jackson, junior's, gullet, it seemed positively churlish that he should refuse to play.

"Only I'd rather not play too high if you don't mind," he said.

To which Major Dyke made answer: "Quite right, my boy. Never gamble for more than you can afford. That's what I always tell my subalterns."

And a few minutes later, having adjourned, with their cigars still on, to the sitting-room, where Violet Adair, by some miracle of telepathy, had already set out a card-table, they sat down to "just a friendly game."

It was a very friendly game, with the ante only sixpence, and a five shilling limit; and an attentive Violet always hovering by our Mr. Jackson, junior's, chair. So friendly did it become, indeed, that Violet actually played one or two of our Mr. Jackson, junior's, hands for him. Because—as she said—it would bring him luck.

Strangely enough, he had all the luck, and a whisky-and-soda into the bargain; and after they had been playing for about an hour and a half, with his cash gains already a modest fiver, he happened to pick up the "hand of his life."

There were all four queens in that hand; and the fifth card of it was an ace, which made it quite impossible for anyone to have four aces.

Major Dyke and Sir Lindsay Something-or-other, moreover, the only ones who remained in after our Mr. Jackson, junior, had raised the pot to its five shilling limit, each kept three cards and drew two—which made it as good as impossible that either should be drawing to a straight flush.

So our Mr. Jackson, junior, after a pretence of great deliberation, drew one card, discarding that valueless but extremely significant ace.

After which it seemed an "absolute gift" that Sir Lindsay Something-or-other should say to Major Dyke: "I say, Billy, let's have a bit of fun this time. Let's take the limit off," and Major Dyke should answer: "Well, damn it, Johnnie, if Jackson doesn't mind, I don't care if we do."

So Billy bet Johnnie, also after a pretence of deliberation, "Five jimmy-o'-goblins, old boy," and Johnnie doubled Billy; and our Mr. Jackson, junior, doubled both of them; and in the end, Billy having thrown in his hand with a wry gesture, Johnnie said: "Look here, Jackson, I don't want to rob you. Let's show down at a hundred and fifty."

And he showed down "four monarchs" to our Mr. Jackson, junior's, four queens!

The Cigar Clue

WHEREUPON, his then salary being £5 a week, and his bank balance about £30, our Mr. Jackson, junior's, heart went very cold inside him; and in that chilly moment he said: "I'm most awfully sorry, Sir Lindsay, but that's as much as I can afford to lose. Really, it's more than I can afford to lose. So I shall simply have to stop playing."

A remark which drew from Violet Adair, resting one lily-white hand on his shoulder, a heartfelt, "Oh, please, won't you all stop? I'm sure that's enough gambling for one evening"; and brought the proceedings to an end.

All four of those "jolly fellows" expressed their regret that they should have terminated so disastrously for our Mr. Jackson, junior, and none of them more fervently than Major Dyke, who said in his best Service accent:

"Bad luck, my boy. Four queens against four kings. Never seen anything like that. Be damned if I've ever seen anything like that. Wouldn't have blamed you if you'd bet Johnnie a whole monkey."

While Johnnie, not to be outdone in generosity, said: "Don't you worry if you haven't got the cash, Jackson. A cheque'll do me all right"—producing at the same time, "just in case you don't happen to have one on you," an open cheque-form, and a cigar.

"I flatter myself I'm a pretty good judge of a weed," said Johnnie, as he handed our Mr. Jackson, junior, that consolatory cigar. "Never smoke anything but the best Corona Coronas."

At which point, since, now that he is nearing middle age, our Mr. Peter Jackson rather flatters himself as a raconteur, and this is one of his favourite stories, we will let him end it for us in his own Peter Jacksonish way.

"Of course, I'd been done in the eye," he usually explains here. "But I hadn't got the slightest idea I'd been done, honestly I hadn't, till that little thin fellow with his waxed moustache gave me that cigar.

"And even then I might never have had a suspicion if he hadn't said it was a Corona Corona. Because, you see, that cigar was no more a Corona Corona than this pipe I'm smoking now. Even I knew that much, though I had been only twelve months in the business."

And here, occasionally, Peter will demonstrate the difference between a genuine Havana cigar and those weeds which he still calls "toofahs."

"It was only a common or garden British toofah," we will let him go on. "And the moment I spotted that I knew just the kind of mess I was in.

The Bluff Called

"BUT how to get out of that mess I was damned if I knew. And I don't mind telling you it rather put the wind up me when I thought of what the pater would say in the morning if I was ass enough to put my name to that cheque.

"'How the hell'—I thought—'am I to get out of signing this cheque?' They were so jolly pressing about the thing, you see. They said I could post-date it if I liked—and, mind you, they were four to one."

And here Peter Jackson, if neither his wife nor his daughters be present, may interpolate a few words about his feelings for Violet, for whom he was "damn sorry, don't you know, because, after all, she and I had been pals."

But that we will omit, quoting only: "Once they'd got me to sign that cheque I'd have been for it. But, thank the Lord, I had a brain-wave. Told them a yarn about my bank having rather a prejudice against open cheque forms, and gave them my I.O.U. instead."

And when you ask, as in duty bound, how much his friends, Captain Hart, Major Dyke, Mr. Noble (the celebrated baccarat banker) and Sir Lindsay Something-or-other, collected on that I.O.U., our Mr. Jackson will conclude triumphantly:

"Not a bean, old chap. Because, next morning, I took that fiver I'd won in cash—the damn fools actually let me walk away with it—to a detective old Francis put me on to. And he found out all about 'em. They'd been at the game six months. Made a regular hog-killing at it.

"So when they sent me a solicitor's letter—yes, they actually had the nerve to do that—I just wrote 'Go to hell' across it and sent it back with a certified copy of my birth certificate. And that put the tin hat on 'em, because you can't sue a minor on an I.O.U."

Whereafter ex-Adjutant Peter Jackson, of the Gunners, may preen himself a while—posing to you for one of the astutest young men who racketed about the West End of London in those early nineteen hundreds; and conveniently forgetting—because if there is one thing ex-Adjutant Peter Jackson, of the Gunners, hates above all others, it is to be considered a sentimentalist—a certain entry in a long-destroyed private cash-book which used to read: "Bearer. (V. A., Conscience Money!) £150"

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"Beau Geste" calls for no recommendation to lovers of good fiction.

He returns next week in a new short story, specially written for "John Bull." He is the same intrepid, dazzling adventurer, facing death unflinchingly like a true Legionnaire.

by P. C. WREN

I HAVE been asked by the Editor of JOHN BULL whether I could write another story about Michael Geste, the hero of the novel "Beau Geste."

I could write a score, and always with pleasure, for the man whom I have called Michael Geste was one of the most attractive, charming and interesting people I have ever known—*a preux chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*

As he was a Romantic, for ever in search of Romance, and a most adventurous soul always in pursuit of adventure, the difficulty in writing an account of his short life was rather one of selection, than of collection, of material.

Doubtless it is because he was the man that he was, and because his brothers were like unto him, that the book "Beau Geste" has had so wide an appeal to folk of all ages and both sexes, and has been translated into every language in Europe, including Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Czecho-Slovakian and Jugo-Slavian.

The adventure narrated in my story in the next issue of JOHN BULL is a remarkable example of hairbreadth escape from apparently certain and horrible death, as well as an interesting manifestation of one side of Arab character and of the universality of the truth that as a man sows so he will reap.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS—*Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

Should a PARENT *Tell?*

THERE are few men better equipped than "Humanist" to give guidance to those in trouble.

Willingly, gladly he will help you to solve the problem that is causing you anxiety. Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

WHAT is the duty of parents to their children? I do not mean with respect to food and clothing and education. No decent mother or father wants telling about that.

But how much should parents tell their young children of the important facts of life? Can they be said to have done their full duty if they let their girls and boys go out into the world unacquainted with knowledge that might prevent the youngsters from wrecking their lives?

My post-bag, as "Humanist," tells me that, though most parents are deeply concerned about the moral welfare of their offspring, there exist others who deliberately neglect a duty they owe to the young lives they bring into the world.

A girl of seventeen writes to me from a Salvation Army shelter. A year ago she came up from her home in the country, ignorant of London life and its ways

* * *

"I had never been in a big city before," she says, "and I was very lonely until I found a young man. Under the promise of marriage he took advantage of me, and one day, two months before my baby was born, he cruelly told me that he already had a wife."

* * *

And this girl tells me that her mother refuses to have her home again, saying that as she "got herself into trouble she must get out of it herself."

And then comes this bitter cry: "Why was I never told that there were such rotters in the world? If I had been warned I should have taken more care of myself."

Her complaint is on all fours with one that comes from a young man suffering from venereal disease.

Darkness Breeds Dirt

Here let me interpolate one word. "You should not mention that complaint by name," say the unco guid. "Call it the nameless malady or the hidden plague."

Why all this squeamishness? What is the purpose of calling this pestilence by any spurious title? It wants stripping of all its disguise.

Venereal disease is foul and loathsome. But it is preventable. And there would be far less of it if young people were told of its hideousness.

Listen to what this young fellow says:

* * *

"If my parents knew from what I am suffering it would break their hearts. I know I have been foolish, but am I altogether to blame? I did not know such things existed. Surely my father ought to have put me wise."

* * *

Of course he ought. He is as blameworthy as his boy. You cannot expect a lad to keep straight if he is not able to recognise the road that is crooked.

The old maxim says, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." Parents should take that to heart. No child should be allowed to go into the world in ignorance of its evils.

That is why I have every sympathy with my third correspondent. He wants to do his duty by his boy, but he is uncertain how to go about it. And this is what he says:

* * *

"My son is now fourteen years old, and in a month or two he will be leaving home to go into the Merchant Service. I am rather worried about him.

"You see, I have told him nothing about the facts of life, and I know the kind of loose talk that is prevalent to-day.

"Can you guide me as to what I should say?"

* * *

That is not the first request of the kind I have had. Parents are naturally nervous of teaching their children what they ought to know. I wonder why.

A mother stops her baby from putting its hands into a burning fire because she knows what the consequence will be. Yet, in later years, these grown babies are allowed to go into the world and scorch themselves at the furnace of life.

Then, when the damage has been done, the victim feels that he has a grievance against his parents. And that is the cause of many an estrangement in family life.

Now, it is impossible in a brief article to deal adequately with this problem. It would require a volume in itself. All I can hope to do is to suggest a few general principles.

The teaching of sex is one of the most important lessons to be learned in life. The old fairy stories of gooseberry-bushes and rose-trees should be buried beyond resurrection. The real facts are as natural as shelling peas.

Every girl has in her from earliest days the maternal instinct. It is seen in her devotion to a doll. Every boy, too, finds a great attraction in young life. He may keep rabbits or pigeons, or even mice.

Just watch his excitement when a family is born to his pets. And it is quite a simple and straightforward step to explain how babies are born.

His Wonderful Body

There is no need whatever for the deception and secrecy that surrounds this subject to-day.

A great writer said recently that "death is as natural as birth." The trouble is that we make birth to our young folk a very unnatural thing. We make it a subject that should never be talked about, and if we do deign to discuss it, we surround it with a tissue of lies.

Then, in later years, what should have been told to boys and girls by their parents is gleaned from other quarters, and often in a garbled and promiscuous fashion.

As my correspondent says, "There is a lot of loose talk prevalent to-day." And who is responsible? Mostly the parents who have shirked their responsibility.

So I would make this my first principle: Every child should be taught the power for good or ill of the human body. He should be led to regard his as the most priceless asset he possesses. And he should be taught to respect the bodies of other folk.

He should be reminded that health is far more desirable than wealth, and that clean living is one of the gateways by which to enter into this possession.

Treasure the Unborn

He should be reminded of these fine words:

* * *

Take care when you ally yourself with a lover of your fancy that you are securing for the little child that is to be a parent to whom you may always point with proud affection.

"Whenever you yield to temptation, you are striking a more terrible blow at your future child than you will ever be able to strike him with your clenched fist.

"And whenever you overcome temptation you are securing a finer heritage than you will ever leave him in your wills. Take the greatest, tenderest care of the little child that is to be. . . ."

* * *

It is the essence of folly to keep the sex question in a cupboard with a label on the door, "Not to be opened." You only inflame a child's desire to see inside it. Half the damage that is done to young life is caused by making and keeping sex a mystery.

"Curiosity killed the cat," and neglect to satisfy that curiosity is responsible for the ruin of many a human life. The letters I have quoted prove that.

She must take knowledge with her to this great city if she is to survive unscathed

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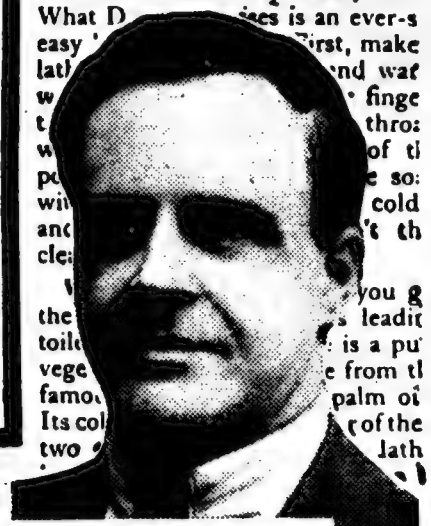

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J. A. Duncan

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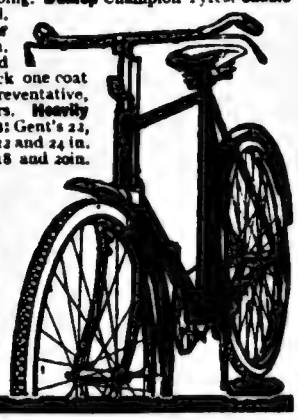

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'Golden' Shred

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MAKES WEAKLY CHILDREN STRONG AND HEALTHY.

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Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing.
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BY RT. HON. Christopher Addison

I Change TO A RAILWAY CRITIC

Mere man found his bunk a trial and a tribulation, but these night travellers seem quite comfortable—maybe they're used to it

EVERY now and then there is an outbreak of hostile criticism of our railways, and I, for one, except in regard to their charges, have always put up a case in their defence.

Their staffs are so agreeable and efficient. And for comfort and restfulness a journey on some of our main-line railways is difficult to beat—you need not talk unless you want to, and you can read and have real leisure and get food when you need it.

But I must say that my defences were rather damaged the other day when I went to an important northern city and to an outlying town to speak at two meetings.

Hang it!

The train left one of our big London stations shortly after midnight, and as I had paid for a third-class sleeper I faced the atmosphere of the compartment in which it had been allotted and began to dispose of my things.

Although my belongings were very few, their disposition was not altogether easy, as there was only one small peg available.

There were two altogether in the compartment, but the occupant of the upper berth opposite had considerately left one free and done the best he could with his trousers and other garments at the end of his bunk.

I was following his example when another man joined us to occupy the lower berth opposite to myself. He proved to be a pleasant fellow-passenger, as did the man above me.

The last arrival, after rather a long tussle in settling down, was heroically trying to read, when, suddenly, after a third struggle to disentangle his blanket from the heap of his garments at the end of his berth without uncovering his feet, he exclaimed, "They tell me that this outfit is about bust. It d—— well deserves to be."

He thereupon began to examine what he had got for his extra seven shillings, and I did my best to comfort him.

Where to sit?

Later on we discovered that the catch of the lavatory was broken, but that you could keep the door shut if you kept your foot against it.

Despite these minor inconveniences, however, I slept fairly well, had an excellent cup of tea in the morning, and gave no more thought to travel incidents until the return journey the next midnight.

Coming in from the outlying town where my second meeting had been held, there was about an hour to wait at the important city station.

It was very cold, so I asked a porter if there was a waiting-room with a good fire, as I had thoughtfully provided myself with a "shocker" to while away the time.

I found the waiting-room all right. It was a big place and had been painted with a sort of chocolate-coloured paint, say, about thirty years ago. There was a light of a sort, but it was so affected by the economy crusade that reading was out of the question.

Moreover, there was nothing vacant to sit on except the floor or the table.

There were two benches in the room and three small chairs that harmonised with the walls so far as could be discerned, but a man was asleep on each of the benches and two boys dozed on two of the chairs.

The third chair was occupied by a talkative fellow, who told me all about Surbiton and the various local authority squabbles that were going on there.

There was a good fire despite a widespread aureola of ashes, paper and dirt, but, after a time, I got tired of standing and trying to conduct an undertone conversation. And, although I had already had a good supper, I decided to try my luck in the refreshment-room.

The crooner

There was a fire there also and chairs were not so scarce. I did not venture very near the fire, as the whole front of it was occupied by a gentleman who had spread his legs across the fender and was engaged in crooning songs to himself through a sort of speaking-trumpet.

It was a pity to disturb him, and, moreover, the approach was difficult, as it involved skirmishing over and around several yards of toilet-paper which had been distributed in long lengths about the floor, but which were quite securely held in place by having been trodden into pools of slop that had been spilt in appropriate places.

A cup of coffee and a sandwich helped me to while away the time, and I thought I was getting on well when I discovered that the clock was twenty-five minutes fast. The gentleman's crooning also was becoming wearisome, so I spent the rest of the time walking up and down the platform.

I am sure I am not faddy; but the air of the third-class sleeper that was offered to me was really too viscid altogether, and with great luck I found an empty compartment.

For the payment of a shilling I hired a pillow which was much larger than the biggest pin-cushion I have ever seen, but was a child's size in pillows.

A rug was not to be had, but that did not matter as the compartment was warm and I had a good overcoat.

In making the best of that pillow I could not help thinking that, at a shilling a night, even with a good allowance for laundry and losses, the interest and sinking-fund charges must have been very amply covered.

I made myself very comfortable, and a friendly guard said he would not disturb me.

Teapot farce

There was no way of switching off the light, so I took off the bulb, and replaced it in the morning. The pillow, if small, had a narcotic effect, for I slept soundly until I was wakened in London shortly after six o'clock.

The time, therefore, was ripe for early morning tea and bread-and-butter.

I found the refreshment-room easily, and, feeling hearty, ordered a "pot of tea and a plate of bread-and-butter."

But, alas! there were no teapots—the girls thought they must have been locked up somewhere. Perhaps they had—but two separate cups did as well. Also, there was no bread-and-butter; but the sandwich was excellent.

I came away feeling refreshed, but more disposed than I had been to agree with the plaintive gentleman in the opposite lower berth on the outward journey.

Do You Want

£20,000 for 6d?

Seize the opportunity now by entering the great Help-the-Hospitals Contest on pages 4 and 5.

This mammoth sum may be yours for sixpence and twelve crosses. There is no time to lose—the contest closes on

MARCH 12.

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● *Bedtime is the time for hands . . . A little "Vaseline" Jelly soon soothes away all roughness or soreness*

No excuse for chapping — So easy to avoid

WHY have dreadful-looking hands all through the winter when it's just as easy to have them looking nice? Besides, think of the pain you can save yourself by taking this minute-a-day care. "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly keeps your hands safe from chapping and chilblains, no matter what the weather is like. Just rub a little well in last thing every night!

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Not only does "Vaseline" Jelly keep your hands safe from chapping. You soon find them growing white and lovely, as well. Famous London beauty salons use "Vaseline" Jelly in their expensive hand creams. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

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You can give every room in the house a cheery touch of brightness if you use Mansion Polish for your Floors. Quickly and easily this highly-concentrated wax polish gives a lasting brilliance to Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors.

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In Tins 6d., 10½d., and 1/9. Large Household Tin containing 2-lbs. nett 3/-

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SECRET SORROWS of the £3,000-a-Year Men

by ARTHUR PEARCE

the ex-A.B.C. Chief who was awarded £15,000 agreed damages for wrongful dismissal

The greatest popular caterer Britain has ever seen — the late John Pearce about to sample one of his own famous meat puddings

PEOPLE envy the man with the £3,000-a-year job. They like to imagine themselves in his shoes. The big money fascinates them. But they don't realise that behind that big money is, in nine cases out of ten, a life of continual work and worry—overwork, in fact, that very often wrecks the health of the man or even kills him.

It was fifty years' inexorable wearing down as a director of various companies that cost the life of my father, John Pearce, of "Pearce and Plenty," one of the greatest popular caterers this country ever had.

I have not escaped. To-day I am taking a holiday, under doctor's orders, as a nerve-wrecked man, to whom recent litigation has only been one anxiety of many spread over many years. So I can say that I, too, have sacrificed my health on the altar of directorship.

WE two have not been exceptions. All over Britain, not in scores but in thousands, not in one industry but in most, this wearing down of directors is going on.

If ever there has been a word of sympathy said on behalf of working directors I have failed to hear it.

No; we are just regarded as men who draw so many thousands of pounds a year and do nothing for it.

I have not sprung lightly to the defence of directors. I have wanted to speak out for years. It is only because I am free for the moment from the responsibilities of directorships that I can do so now.

Nor am I directing my remarks against the company with which I have been in litigation. That is a closed chapter.

I speak absolutely generally. Let me be clear about it. And I speak as an individual who started life as a working man, who says the working director does not get a fair deal just as he would say that such and such a workman does not get a fair deal.

"When I feel a fit man I shall go back . . ."

In every part of every town and city in the country you will find businesses great and small, on the boards of which you will find the unfortunate working directors.

They are worried-looking men. If they get the money to buy themselves nice homes, they cannot in every case enjoy them because of the worry and responsibility that weighs on them.

Sometimes their doctors have to tell them: "For heaven's sake go somewhere where there will be no one you know, so that you can escape from the work you have been thinking of for years," as my doctor has just told me.

When their businesses prosper, their shareholders pay thanks to a trade cycle, a piece of luck, themselves, anybody except the men who are on the board because they built up the fortunes of the company, or have been put there because their experience is invaluable.

If profits fall away in the slightest — well, that is different. They clamour at meetings; they demand reforms. Ignorant of the fact that it is in times of set-back that a business wants continuity of policy, they press for changes. One and all, they blame the working directors.

I would like to give you the life experience of my father and myself, so that you can judge for yourself.

I was lucky enough to be born when my father was poor. Otherwise I might not have found it easy to have got up every morning at 4 a.m. to get down to business, as I have always done.

Remember that caterers must be early risers—especially working directors.

My father's first project was a coffee-stall at Dawson's Corner, in the City Road, London. I believe you will find a coffee-stall there still.

I worked at the coffee-stall. I started my catering life as a washer - up. My father was ambitious, a quick learner, an amazing worker, and it was obvious he was not going to stay there long.

Soon there came "Pearce and Plenty." And then, to enable him to get a grip on the better-class trade, the British Tea-table Company. Amalgamated, the two were a great success.

When the business had eighty branches my father came up against his first trouble.

AT the amalgamation shareholders received £4 for each of their £1 shares, and soon the new shares were quoted at £3 2s. 6d. In other words, each pound grew into twelve in quick time.

Then came this idea of challenging the pilot, if not dropping him altogether.

My father had a big following of shareholders, and the chairman was with him wholeheartedly. All might have been well, but the chairman died. Dissension ensued.

My father went out.

Then the business that he had slaved for began to go downhill fast. He did not look on with rejoicing. You can perhaps guess what it means to see the work of your hands crumbling away.

Finally, the business came into the hands of a receiver.

My father went back. He bought the principal assets to start J.P. Restaurants, Ltd. He built again until the business was paying about 15 per cent. And then his son—myself—loomed up as a possible danger.

When he was eighty-two, and still carrying on manfully, I went to the Aerated Bread Company.

He was quite common-sense about it. "If you are going to bring more customers into the A.B.C. depôts, you are going to take customers from me. And I know you'll do it, or burst."

So he approached me with the idea of amalgamation. I approached the A.B.C., and, after investigation, it was brought about.

I HAVE said that I am not going to go into the differences I have had with the A.B.C.; all that is finished with. Nevertheless, I can detail some of the worries that come the way of so many working directors.

The chairman died. The continuity of policy was destroyed. In the three years I was with them there were eleven changes on the board. It had to mean an ever-changing policy.

Reforms I had set my heart on never fully matured. I fought against disappointment.

We at the A.B.C. served fifty million callers a year, and our subsidiaries many millions more. It is a big family.

Opening a new depôt is not just a question of taking a new shop. How many people will it seat? How long are they likely to stay for their meals in that neighbourhood? How much are they likely to buy?

These are but a few of the many factors which play their part in making the working director's hair go grey.

And yet, despite all that I have said, I shall go back to catering. It is my very life. When I feel a fit man again I shall seek the opportunity of again supplying the million.

And I shall go back to working directorship into the bargain. You will know it is not easy money, after what you have read.

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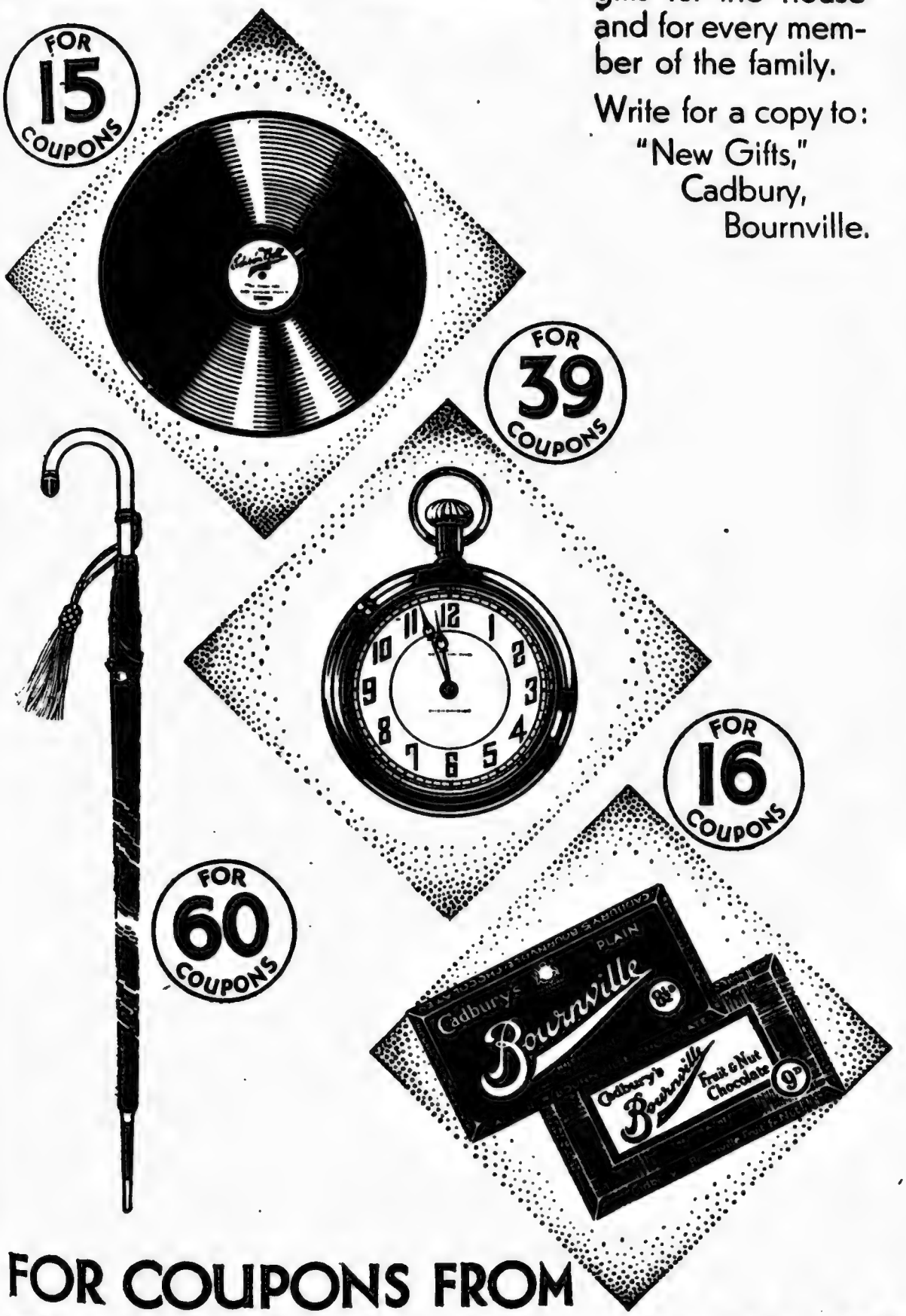

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THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

LUXURY COMFORT

AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 66 x 92 ins. Weight 7lbs pair.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 73 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 36-Piece Cutlery Service:—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through. The Complete Sale (including the 36 Piece Cutlery Service), Ready for Immediate De-livery, Carriage Paid. Price £3

TERMS: 5- with Order, and 5/- Monthly. Fullest Approval. Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

100U

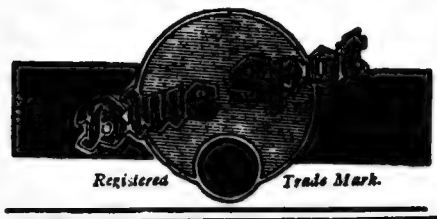
gives you the REAL thing

BLUE SPOT Unit 100U gives perfect reproduction. It lets you hear the singers and speechifiers, the vaudeville, orchestras and dance bands exactly as they are in the original. 100U is in fact the "real life" speaker of the radio world.

Although 100U is the equal of the most expensive dynamic speakers it costs complete with chassis only **39/6**. Ask your dealer or send for catalogue No. J.B. 11.

FOR FOREIGN STATIONS—YOU NEED A BLUE SPOT 4 VALVE SCREENED GRID RECEIVER. Write for Catalogue No. J.B. 11a.

BRITISH BLUE SPOT COMPANY, LTD.,
Blue Spot House, 94-96, Rosoman Street,
Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1.



Registered Trade Mark.

FREE YOUR CLUB TIE

Wear YOUR Club Colours

Thousands of Football enthusiasts are giving their moral support to their favourites, through the generosity of the "Big Two," by wearing their Club Colours in the form of a beautiful MACCLESFIELD TIE, which is being given away FREE.

Give YOUR team every encouragement

TO WIN

THE ENGLISH CUP

or any other match.

Help them to feel at HOME, even when they are playing AWAY, by wearing your Club Colours.

WRITE NOW FOR FOUR-COLOUR LEAFLET announcing this amazing FREE offer, also for particulars of

COMPLETE THE BIG TWO SERVICE

RACING or FOOTBALL

Every class of Bet catered for.

to agents THE BIG TWO *Send direct*

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD

227 BATH STREET. GLASGOW. C2.

SOS—THE Children Calling!

There are hundreds of little children waiting to receive the hospitals' healing touch

NURSES living in acute discomfort! Surgeons carrying out researches in underground passages!

Such is the plight of the premier children's hospital—a tragic state of affairs the authorities have no wish to hide.

Indeed, Sir James Barrie said recently with anger that the conditions under which the nurses lived "were a shame to every one of us who lives in comfort."

But there is a reason, as one of the nurses points out in the following touching pen-picture of life in the hospital. The reason is—the children. They must not feel the pinch while the staff can make sacrifices.

Everybody connected with the Hospital for Sick Children, from the chairman down, shares a grievance, she said.

No, I don't mean the conditions under which the research workers have to carry on.

The five doctors who discover improvements every month in our methods of treatment are making valuable discoveries regarding rheumatism in hole-and-corner surroundings in the basement. But there's no grumble about that.

Nor does it concern the conditions under which we nurses live. The Princess Royal bore them without a word of complaint, when, as Princess Mary, she spent three years here doing the work of a probationer.

* * *

We don't want a single shilling's-worth of improvement while it means a shilling less for the care of our family of three hundred or more children.

Our grievance is one that may one day be remedied. We want to do more for suffering kiddies.

We know that there are three hundred of them on our waiting list who ought to be admitted to-morrow—children limping about in irons, perhaps the butt of their thoughtless little friends, who would be running with those friends soon if our wishes could come true!

* * *

Then there are wards in our main hospital in Great Ormond Street into which the world's greatest healer struggles to gain entrance in vain.

I refer to Doctor Sunshine.

Those stupid old architects who built hospitals sixty years ago seemed to think that Doctor Sunshine should be regarded as an enemy and kept outside.

It's going to cost a huge sum of money to let the old gentleman in, and we haven't got it.

* * *

Then we want to do bigger things at our recovery branch at Tadworth, the country residence of sick London children.

In May, the Princess Royal is going to open a new pavilion there, with accommodation for another forty-five little patients.

I wish everybody could see sufferers getting stronger as they enjoy scenery they thought only existed in picture books. Then we would soon have more such pavilions.

* * *

Every time a sturdy little kid comes in to ask whether we remember him as a little child with a wan face and distorted body, we think of the many who are still like he was once.

But it takes time to straighten crooked childhood.

And it takes time to give sunshine to a child who would die for lack of it. At first he must only have a few minutes a day. We must keep him a long time at Tadworth before we can pour it into him.

And speaking of our country home, we have a kinema there and there is the toy cure, a very wonderful cure.

In every bed occupied by a child you will see a teddy bear, a doll, a golliwog, something that jumps or moves its arms, a horse—one toy or another. They are part of the cure if they happen to be the toys the child wants.

* * *

Yes, from all over the Empire little patients come to the Hospital for Sick Children in search of health. In all, seven hundred a day pass through our hands.

It is a pity we can't do more.

* * *

You can help to kick Dr. Poverty out of our hospitals and put Dr. Sunshine in his place. It need not cost you more than sixpence, as you will see on pages 4 and 5. And you may bring £20,000—and perpetual sunshine—into your own life as a result.

TABLOID SPORT *by "Silver Ring" and Our Football Expert*

HAVE A PECK!

GATWICK, the venue of the week-end sport, stages the National Trial 'Chase, and, as the fences on this course necessitate bold, fearless jumping, the race is considered worthy of its name.

On the "book" Shaun Goilin—second top-weight in the Grand National—has an easy task, but I think the Weyhill 'chaser has deteriorated and suggest taking a chance with Prince Cherry, who won very cleverly last time out.

Prince Cherry will find backers at Liverpool simply because he is a son of My Prince, the sire of those two superb jumpers, Gregalach and Easter Hero.

Silver Mount and Thomond II. also read as reasonably good bets at the Surrey meeting.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, Feb. 18, to Wednesday, Feb. 24.

P D C X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K

V B R E F I U O Y W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

H 96 O J C 97 96 R X would read INSURANCE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

97 V 2 X C W X M would read APPERLEY.

A SOCCER SEER'S SELECTIONS

FOR FEBRUARY 20

THE LEAGUE—FIRST DIVISION.

(1) EVERTON v. Sheffield U.
(2) WEST HAM v. Liverpool.
**(3) ARSENAL v. Blackpool.
(4) BIRMINGHAM v. Derby.
(5) Bolton v. Aston Villa.
(6) CHELSEA v. Grimsby.
(7) MANCHESTER C. v. Blackburn.
(8) Middlesbrough v. Newcastle.
**(9) WEDNESDAY v. Leicester.
(10) Sunderland v. Portsmouth.
(11) W.B. ALBION v. Huddersfield.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Stoke v. Wolverhampton.
(2) LEEDS v. Bury.
*(3) BARNSLEY v. Bristol City.
(4) BRADFORD C. v. Port Vale.
(5) BURNLEY v. Hotspur.
(6) Chesterfield v. Forest.
(7) MILLWALL v. Charlton.
(8) Notts County v. Plymouth.
*(9) PRESTON v. Manchester U.
(10) SOUTHAMPTON v. Bradford.
(11) SWANSEA v. Oldham.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) Northampton v. BRENTFORD.
*(2) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Mansfield.
(3) BOSCOMBE v. Brighton.
(4) BRISTOL R. v. Swindon.
(5) Cardiff v. Exeter.
(6) Gillingham v. Watford.
(7) LUTON v. Coventry.
(8) Q.P. RANGERS v. Norwich.
**(9) READING v. Thames.
(10) Southend v. FULHAM.
**(11) TORQUAY v. Orient.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

(1) Hull v. Lincoln.
*(2) CREWE v. York.
(3) ACCRINGTON v. Stockport.
(4) Barrow v. Chester.
(5) HALIFAX v. Doncaster.
(6) New Brighton v. HARTLEPOOLS.
(7) Rochdale v. SOUTHPORT.
(8) Walsall v. DARLINGTON.
*(9) WREXHAM v. Rotherham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Dundee U. v. MOTHERWELL.
(2) Clyde v. CELTIC.
(3) Aberdeen v. St. Mirren.
(4) Falkirk v. HEARTS.
(5) Hamilton v. Cowdenbeath.
**(6) KILMARNOCK v. Dundee.
(7) Leith v. Airdrie.
(8) MORTON v. Ayr.
(9) Queen's Park v. PARTICK.
(10) RANGERS v. Third Lanark.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—3(*H*); Div II.—9(*H*); Southern Section—11(*H*); Scottish League—6(*H*) would indicate Arsenal, Preston, Torquay and Kilmarnock.

"John Bull" Radio Contest—easier than ever

Listen to RADIO PARIS and win a big prize

£125 CASH MUST BE WON

The result of Radio Contest No. 5 and the Judges' decision giving the order of entertainment value of 5 of the 10 Gramophone records broadcast in "John Bull" Radio Contest No. 5 appear on page 5.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
On Sunday, Radio Paris will be transmitting on 29 kilowatts and every listener should be able to "tune-in" this concert.

"Great, wasn't it?" This is the invariable comment when radio enthusiasts get together and discuss the popular "John Bull" Radio Concerts which are broadcast from Radio Paris every Sunday evening at 10.30, in connection with which there is a simple weekly contest with £125 in cash prizes!

All you have to do is to choose only SIX OUT OF THE TEN RECORDS PLAYED and place them in their order of entertainment value. It is now easier than ever. Keep your ears open and your mind alert and you may win the First Prize of £100. In addition, there is £25 to be awarded to runners-up.

Don't miss this bright spot in Sunday night broadcasts. Remember the time and the station. Be sure to invite the family and your friends to gather round the set so that all may have an opportunity of enjoying a splendid entertainment and winning a big cash prize!

On an Entry Form or on a blank piece of paper about the size of a postcard, write your selection of the best SIX Gramophone Records in the order of entertainment value (use key numbers only—see list at right.) Altered or mutilated coupons will be disqualified. You may send in as many entries as you wish providing each entry is made on a separate piece of paper and a three-halfpenny stamp is affixed to each entry. Give your full name and address on each entry you send in.

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST. No. 8.

I agree to all rules governing this competition.

AFFIX THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP TO THIS SPACE.

Fill in KEY NUMBERS ONLY. NOT the Record Numbers.

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

CLOSING DATE NOON, THURSDAY, FEB. 25th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST. No. 8.

I agree to all rules governing this competition.

AFFIX THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP TO THIS SPACE.

Fill in KEY NUMBERS ONLY. NOT the Record Numbers.

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

CLOSING DATE NOON, THURSDAY, FEB. 25th.

CUT HERE

Rules and Conditions.

(1) On this page will be found a list of ten Gramophone Records, which will be broadcast from Radio Paris on Sunday, February 21st, commencing 10.30 p.m. Listen-in to these records—select what you consider are the best six in their order of entertainment value—then fill in your selections accordingly on the Entry Forms provided or on a blank piece of paper the size of a postcard. When this contest is closed—that is, after all entries have been received—these records will be judged by a Committee of three entertainment experts, who will select the six best in their order of entertainment value. "John Bull" will pay the sum of £100 in cash to the entrant whose selection on one form agrees or most nearly agrees with the award of the experts. The judges will award the prize to the entrant whose placings of the entertainment value of the six records selected correctly proceed further down the list in accordance with the order decided upon by the Committee of experts. The decision of the Committee of experts in connection with Contest No. 8 will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale March 3rd. The name of the winner will be announced in "John Bull" on sale March 10th.

(2) Entry Form must be filled in by the entrant in ink and must not be mutilated or altered or left incomplete.

(3) Entrant's name and usual address must be written as directed on all Entry Forms. Each Entry Form must be cut out and must have one 1½d. stamp affixed to the space provided thereon. Entries may also be sent in on plain paper the same size as an ordinary postcard, enclosed in an envelope, but each entry must have 1½d. stamp affixed.

(4) The entrant may enclose all his attempts in one envelope, which must reach the address below not later than noon, Thursday, February 25th.

RADIO CONTEST No. 8. "John Bull," 8, Arne Street, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

(5) Proof of posting is not proof of delivery, and no responsibility is undertaken for any entry form or claim lost, delayed, not delivered, or mis-laid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the £100 prize and the £25 for runners-up will be equally divided. No entrant can win more than one share of any prize.

(7) The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.

(8) Entrants are required to accept as final the result of our careful examination and entries are accepted only on this condition.

(9) Employees of "John Bull" and associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the above rules involves disqualification.

NO CLAIMS CAN BE ENTERTAINED.

Here are the Ten Records!

Below is a list of the ten Columbia Gramophone Records which will be broadcast from Radio Paris on Sunday evening February 21st, commencing 10.30 p.m. When filling in your Entry Form quote only the "key" NUMBERS of the Records you select.

Key No.

1. **SILVER TRUMPETS**
Columbia DB.714.
Grand Processional March. REGIMENTAL BAND OF H.M. GRENADIER GUARDS, conducted by CAPT. GEORGE MILLER.

2. **DANCING IN THE DARK**
Columbia CB.407.
(*Fox-trot*) SAVOY HOTEL ORPHEANS.

3. **AN OLD VIOLIN**
Columbia DB.737.
ALBERT SANDLER (Violin); OLIVE GROVES (Soprano).

4. **YOU TRY SOMEBODY ELSE**
Columbia DB.734.
KATE SMITH WITH HER SWANEE MUSIC.

5. **O-LD SAM (No. 2) BEAT THE RETREAT ON THE DRUM**
Columbia DX.321.
HUMOROUS MONOLOGUE BY STANLEY HOLLOWAY.

6. **HOME**
Columbia CB.409.
(*Slow Fox-trot*) THE MASQUERADERS.

7. **HELEN (Selection)**
Columbia DX.330.
CHARLES PRENTICE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

8. **A SPOT OF INCOME-TAX BOTH R**
Columbia DB.736.
CLAPHAM & DWYER.

9. **CUBAN LOVE SONG**
Columbia DB.757.
LAYTON & JOHNSTONE.

10. **PARADE OF THE WEDDINGS**
Columbia DB.741.
CINEMA ORGAN SOLO BY TERENCE CASEY.

Whitens Teeth

3 shades whiter in 3 days

If you want sound, dazzling white teeth and firmer gums start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. In 3 days teeth will look 3 shades whiter—gums, pinker, firmer. The Kolynos antiseptic foam prevents stain, decay and gum troubles, by killing the germs that cause them. It gets into every crevice—purifies—removes ugly tartar and neutralizes acids while brushing and for 3 hours after brushing, it cleans teeth down to the naked white enamel without injury. Get Kolynos from your chemist to-day. Results will surprise you.

KOLYNOS

Dental Cream.

MADE IN ENGLAND

MOUTH ODOURS

Wash out the mouth with about 15 drops of Liquid Kolynos in half a glassful of water. This sweetens palate, tongue and throat, and instantly neutralizes the most persistent odour. Get the sprinkler flask, 1/9 all chemists, or post free on receipt of price from Kolynos, (Dept. L.J.35), 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1

"Terrible Cough . . practically gone . . after *two* applications"

"I have never previously written a letter of this description, but I am sending you this because your Musterole Brand Ointment has so often helped me and I feel you deserve some expression of appreciation.

"A chemist recommended it two years ago when my husband had a bad chest cold with a terrible cough. After two or three applications the cough was practically gone. He said he could feel the Musterole loosening the congestion. Within a few days he was perfectly fit again.

"Since then we have been regular users and only last week I am sure I stopped an almost certain attack of influenza with it. I think it is a splendid preparation."

Yours faithfully (Mrs.) J.M.S.

That terrible, tearing sort of cough can be loosened at once by the deep-penetrating warmth of this clean, white ointment. Just rub it on the chest. You feel its tingling warmth sinking in. It goes deep down, reaches the congestion, disperses it, gives ease at once, relief after a few applications. Your chemist stocks it. Buy a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT MADE IN ENGLAND.

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

SAVE ON THIS! GREY MELTON OVERCOATS

Right Down from 79/6 TO 47/6

YOURS FOR 2/- WITH ORDER

A REMARKABLE MEN'S TAILORING OFFER.

Double-Breasted Overcoats that are actually made of SPECIALLY SELECTED TREBLE BODIED WOOLLEN GREY MELTON CLOTH. Guaranteed Fast Dyes. Also obtainable in Blue and Brown. There is no mistaking the Cut and Finish of these Overcoats. Tailoring such as this can only be carried out by highly-paid craftsmen as employed by James Best Ltd. Fine Tailored Lapels. Velvet Pockets. Silkateen Lined. The Big Drop from 79/6 to 47/6 is perfectly genuine.

SEE BELOW FOR DEFERRED TERMS.

State Height, Chest Measurements and Colour preferred when ordering.

Send P.O. for Departmental Catalogue, Stating Requirements.

NOW 47/6

JAMES BEST LIMITED

DEPT. J.B.O.

24-26, FEATHERSTONE ST. CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

HOW YOU PAY.

Deposit 2/- & 9d. for Postage. Cost Delivered at once. Pay Balance by fortnightly instalments of 5/-.

MEN Why pay fancy prices?

FIELD'S Lavender BRILLIANTINE

(SOLIDIFIED)

ONLY 3d LARGE TIN

At Chemists and Stores.

GUARANTEE

This 300 year old firm guarantees that Field's Lavender Preparations are perfumed with Finest Lavender and are pure in quality.

OTHER LAVENDER VALUES

Field's Shaving Cream, 6d.; Shaving Stick, 6d.; Toilet Soap 3d.; Toilet Powder 6d.; Dental Cream 6d.

J. C. & J. FIELD LTD.

LONDON, S.E.1

Est. 1642, in the reign of Charles I.

GO TO WORK WELL EQUIPPED -WEAR The NEW LYBRO 'EASY-FIT' OVERALLS

The New Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls give you the finest value. There are more and better pockets. The roomier cut gives greater freedom and greater protection. The price is economical.
MORE GOOD POINTS. Special anti-shrink dungaree double-stitched. Guaranteed to give satisfactory wear or will be replaced. Prices are for garments up to size 44 waist and chest. O.S. extra. Ask your Outfitter for Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls — in Blue, Tan and Brown. See the RED BUTTON.

6/6

Bib and Brace Overalls	6/6
Ditto—Double Knees	7/6
Jackets or Trousers	5/11
Boiler Suits	9/11
Ditto—with Zip	11/6

If unable to obtain write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of nearest supplier.

LYBRO EASY FIT OVERALLS CVS. 51

CUT FOR COMFORT—MADE FOR WEAR

Good-bye to Glandular Troubles

Mrs. M. Booth, Emroyd Farm, Jackson Hill, Middlestown, *writes*: "I feel it my duty to thank you for the wonderful cure that your Clarke's Blood Mixture has done for me. I started with an enlarged gland on the right side of my neck and became very ill. I was told to go into Hospital, but friends recommended me to try your Clarke's Blood Mixture and give it a good trial—this I did and my neck is now cured, and I have never felt better. I can hardly convince my friends that Clarke's Blood Mixture alone cured me."

THE SAFE REMEDY.

Diseases arising from impurities in the blood must be treated by expelling the impurities from the blood—that is why Clarke's Blood Mixture is so successful.

Famous for Blood and Skin Complaints, Rheumatic Complaints, Rashes, Eczema, Psoriasis, Ulcers, Sores.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

Now obtainable in TABLET form as well. Convenient and equally reliable as the liquid Clarke's Blood Mixture.
Of all Chemists and Stores 3/- per bottle.

JANE DOE Discovers that— WE HATE Famous Girls

IS prettiness and pluck an impossible combination? Look at these famous airwomen and judge for yourself. They are (from the left) Ruth Elder, Lady Heath, Amy Johnson and Peggy Salaman.

THE public heartily hates its famous girls!

I mean, of course, adventurously famous ones. Girls of the intrepid and authentic bull-dog breed. Very young—often absurdly young women, who imperil their necks, and the health of their nervous systems, breaking men's records and making their own, on land and water and in the air.

And how, in peculiar particular, it hates its remarkable list of brilliant airwomen.

It not only hates them. It's jealous of them.

The day I sat down to write this I read a news paragraph about a Miss Sylvia Warliker, who, although only seventeen years of age, has obtained her "A" pilot's certificate and was due to take her "B" certificate in a month's time.

It thrilled me. I, who still take a penny 'bus to cross Trafalgar Square.

But I tried the effect of that paragraph on a reasonably intelligent man. His bored reaction was what I expected. "Another of these air-girls. They're just limelight-crazy."

I haven't forgotten the unsportsmanlike and unsportswomanlike criticism that that curly-nobbed air-baby, Peggy Salaman, evoked.

There was scarcely one person of my acquaintance who gave the girl any credit for courage, will-power or breath-taking daring.

It irritated them beyond measure to read of the "fuss" made about her. "How ridiculous. Given all her money and influence, any girl, even as air-inexperienced as Peggy Salaman, could have done the same thing. *What did she do, anyway?*"

The machine did it!

When Amy Johnson, the Sunday school-teacher, from Hull, made her astounding lone hop, skip and a jump from here to Down Under in a machine that looked no bigger and no safer than a penny safety match-box, usually normally bright people actually tried to minimise the splendour of her act.

Some of them at the time preposterously insisted, with the sublime assurance of their inexperience, that "Amy Johnson had a wonderful little machine. All she had to do was to sit in it and fly." The tiny word "all" has never been put to richer advantage.

What is the reason for this unmistakable desire to crab the glory coming to our famous air-girls?

When Glen Kidston made his record flight to the Cape nobody wanted to know how much the success of that excursion was due to the co-pilot and the mechanic he carried.

When Lindbergh, the first of the lone doves, flew from New York to Paris, did anybody ache to give the Spirit of St. Louis any credit for that superb and romantic adventure?

No plucky-pretties?

Is it because the public can't bear the thought of a combination of prettiness and pluck? Does it resent the peculiarly interesting fact that nearly all the world's most remarkable airwomen are also remarkably good-looking women?

Ruth Elder, the first young woman to be air-wrecked in mid-Atlantic, was a beauty when Paris gratefully dressed her out.

Lady Heath is personally handsome as well as air-minded; so is Lady Drummond-Hay, the first woman to travel in a Graf Zeppelin; whereas any picture, studio or Press, of the renowned Amy and of our newest air youngster, Peggy Salaman, is a pleasure to see.

And there's another queer thing about the public's attitude to those adventuresses who have proved so highly remarkable a feature of this last decade.

When it's finished disliking them heartily it forgets all about them with a rapidity that's simply astonishing.

Does anyone know or care what are the present main activities of Amy Johnson? Does anyone know where she lives? Or care to know?

Yet think of the life, four years afterwards, of her male prototype, Colonel Charles Lindbergh, who retains his throne unchallenged as America's greatest young man idol.

Even at this stage Lindbergh's greatest problem is how to acquire for himself and family the luxury of a private life, though his mail has decreased—decreased, mark you—to one hundred letters a day.

Well, Amy will forgive me, I know, if I say that if this equally remarkable young aviator were to announce her engagement to-morrow, not one man, personally unknown to her, would put on a black tie.

Who cares that Gertrude Ederle swam the Channel in 14 hrs. 31 min. and was the first girl to do it?

Will anyone really grieve to know that this New York butcher's daughter is growing steadily deaf as the result of the terrible buffetings she suffered?

But I'll gamble any man in the street could give me the exact date when Tunney wiped the ring floor with Dempsey. Every schoolboy knows the name of the first of the Schneider Trophy pilots and his year's record m.p.h.

Amy's country, too

Just one more significant little item proving my case that we don't really care about famous girls of the bull dog breed.

Every morning on my way to escort a schoolgirl to the railway station I see a poster issued by the L.N.E.R. It's a map of the coast of Yorkshire, and the legend is, "Come and see J. B. Priestley's Country."

Yes, but it's also Amy Johnson's country!

The fact of the matter is, I suppose, that there's already been far too much woman in our lives.

Maybe the public instinctively prefers its female beauties and its fair talented ones to keep to the stage and screen.

But when there is news of one of these bits of girls coming across with some astounding act of daring, such as swimming the Channel or flying solo half-way round the globe, it merely murmurs "*Marvellous*," and adds, in the same breath, "Well, who cares, anyway?"

Pre-war folks will, I'm sure, better remember Belle Elmore Crippen than Peggy Salaman. Post-war youth will prefer to recall the glamour of Greta Garbo than the fading glamour of an Amy Johnson.

But perhaps things will be different when the really plain-looking, needy, unbacked girl gets away with some act of astonishing intrepidity.

Perhaps.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

The Bailiffs' Helping Hand

ELLEN, the elder of these little girls, who are eight and six years old, after getting through an operation for mastoids, is awaiting another for blood-poisoning.

Her ex-Service father is a very sick man. He is also desperately harassed with poverty.

He and his wife, with their two young daughters and a baby a few months old, live in one of the London County Council houses, and if his rent of 14s. 3d. a week falls behind, he receives a visit from the bailiffs.

Fortunately, the bailiffs have proved his friends, for when they discovered the true state of things, they took it upon themselves to explain his plight to the local tradespeople.

"I am in arrears," says Ellen's father, "with our life insurances, and my baker and other tradesmen."

As a matter of fact, he has several county court summonses out against him for coal bills and so on, which does not tend to improve his health.

"His case," states the vicar, "is genuine in all its details, and as heartrending as any I have ever known."

We hope, therefore, to receive many donations earmarked for "Ellen," as well as subscriptions for the fund generally, to enable us to help this and many more heartrending cases.

They should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged by post where names and addresses are given.

"NEW LIFE" HAIR-GROWING

"Hair Never Dies," but Roots Go to Sleep, Causing Weakness, Falling, Baldness, Scurf and Loss of Colour.

SEE YOUR HAIR GROWING AGAIN

GIFT FREE TO ALL

SEE THESE AND MANY OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEN'S AND WOMEN'S FINE HEADS OF HAIR TO-DAY

Mr TUCKER TO-DAY.

YOUR HAIR-ROOTS are STILL ALIVE. If your hair is falling, thin or showing partial or general baldness, that is because YOUR HAIR-ROOTS HAVE GONE TO SLEEP. Don't let them stay asleep. Awaken them into full hair-growing activity again in the simple but sure KOTALKO True Hair-Grower way. TRY IT FREE.

HE WAS QUITE BALD—HAD TO WEAR A WIG

HERE IS HIS LETTER:—

Torrington, N. Devon.

After trying different treatments without result, I was very disappointed and thought I should be bald all my life, or else have to wear a wig.

Then I read about Kotalko and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that I was quite bald and my head was as shiny as could be when I started using your compound.

After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over my head. I continued to use it, and now I have got a good head of hair again, as shown in the photograph.—Yours very truly,

(Signed) F. Tucker.

What About Your Hair To-day?

IS it thinning, falling or brushing out? Is it already showing "creeping" or more complete baldness? Is your scalp "scurfy" or greasy?

Then lose no time. Send for your "New Life" Hair-growing Gift and Directions—a Trial Box of Kotalko True Hair-Grower and a Tablet of Kotalko Scalp Soap. You are welcome. Simply post the coupon with 3d. stamps for postage of package.

AFTER "OVER A DOZEN VERY LARGE BALD PLACES" THIS LOVELY HAIR AGAIN

KOTALKO is just as successful in re-growing Women's and Girls' hair. Read this letter:

Preston.

Dear Sirs,—About four years ago I was troubled with over a dozen very large bald patches, and although I had tried numerous kinds of hair drill, lotions and pomades, the hair would not grow on these bald parts.

You can imagine how unsightly my head must have looked, and I had given up hope of ever being able to go out anywhere where it would be necessary to take off my hat. People used to stare so, and would remark upon the condition of my head.

I used Kotalko, and after a while I was able to write and report the excellent new growth obtained through its use. All the bald spots were completely covered with new hair. This new hair continued to grow, both in length and quantity.

Now, after four years, I am able to confirm this testimony. In many cases one hears of a new growth brought on after baldness but which in time falls out again. But this is not so with the new hair growth brought on with Kotalko—for as time has passed the hair has become stronger, longer and thicker—which proves that Kotalko is a True Hair-Grower.—Yours truly,

(Miss) Maggie Taylor

ANOTHER 100,000 FREE TRIAL PACKAGES

"KEEP YOUR HAIR." Don't neglect and lose it. Don't look older than you need. Kotalko will grow your hair and keep you looking young. You can try it FREE—and you are welcome. Take as much care of your hair as you do of your money or stomach. It will pay you well.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

Massage Your Scalp and Feed Hair Roots Daily With KOTALKO.

Cleanse and Soften Scalp and Hair Follicles Once Weekly with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP.

On Sale at Chemists Everywhere.

Simply Post this Coupon.

2-IN-1 TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
2, PERCY STREET (53 TV.), LONDON, W.1

Sirs,—I would like to try the Kotalko True Hair-Grower and Kotalko Scalp Soap. Please send Free 2-in-1 Trial Package. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

... .

.....

PAINS IN BACK

Women have special cause to fear dangerous KIDNEY TROUBLE

Headaches in the morning, muscles, limbs and back aching, nasty taste in the mouth, sallow complexion, back breaking as you go about daily work, nights of sleeplessness and pain, a feeling of deep depression, just worn-out and weary—women have special cause to fear these dangerous symptoms.

Do not wait until in sheer pain and weakness you must give up. De Witt's Pills will bring you immediate relief.

'FLU SUFFERERS TAKE THIS WARNING

Influenza, in practically every case, brings and leaves body pains, weak back, down-dragging, depressed feeling, tired, aching muscles and urinary troubles. Take De Witt's Pills regularly for a few days. They will end your pain and correct bladder trouble and weakness.

For men and women of all ages, at all times, who are feeling too old, weak and depressed, for all sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, loss of vitality, bad, restless nights and all the pain and misery caused by kidney trouble we confidently recommend De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sold by chemists everywhere in the original blue and gold box. Price 3/-. The genuine De Witt's Pills bear the Government stamp on each bottle.

DE WITT'S

Kidney and Bladder PILLS

EARN MORE SAVE MORE

JOIN the Ever Growing Throng of Record Agents

SEND THIS COUPON

MAGNIFICENT SIDEBOARD

No. 2.210.—Soundly and solidly constructed in selected white wood and fitted with two commodious drawers and large deep cupboard with shelf. It is thoroughly well-finished, and would make a handsome dining-room sideboard stained and polished—or could be enamelled or painted for kitchen use. Remarkable value only offered by Record Clubs to their members. Usual price 40/-.

FINE DRESSER

No. 2.272.—Here is a real craftsman's job, built of carefully selected timber throughout, every joint mortised and tenoned and with a laminated Birch top which will not warp or shrink. This dresser is finely smoothed and finished ready for staining and polishing, and represents almost incredible value for money. A Record Club 20/- Bargain. Usual price 40/-.

20/- EACH

We pay the largest Cash Commission in the Country—there is NO outlay, NO expense, NO trouble.

Members receive goods at 1/- Weekly at wholesale prices on Easy Terms and we Guarantee prompt delivery. Our latest Catalogue demonstrates conclusively the unchallenged supremacy of Record Clubs for astonishing value and outstanding quality in Furniture, Footwear, Household Goods, Clothing, Fancy Goods, Etc.

Post the Coupon now! and get this—the largest Catalogue!—every line in it is Guaranteed for quality, value and reliability.

BOLSOM'S ASSOCIATED TRADERS Ltd. 157-8, STRAND LONDON, W.C.2

Please send me your Record Catalogue and full particulars of how I can make £'s in my spare time.

Name .....

Address .....

B.J. .....

Rub away
CHEST COLDS!

One of the quickest ways of dealing with chest colds is to rub the chest with St. Jacobs brand Liniment. It's penetrating warmth and quick action never fail to give relief. It is entirely free from hot, fiery substances and does not irritate the skin. 1/3 a bottle.

ST. JACOBS BRAND **LINIMENT**

Acidity causes 90% Digestive Trouble

ANY doctor will tell you that indigestion is usually due to excess acidity. Acid accumulates in the stomach and causes food to ferment thus producing painful gases and still more acid. To rid yourself of excess acid quickly and surely, take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This gives quick relief by instantly neutralising excess stomach acid, and soothing and healing your stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is used by doctors and in hospitals, because it relieves indigestion by removing the cause.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

prescribed for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN and ACIDITY.

Powder - 1/3 - Tablets.

Corns disappear!

Don't suffer another day! Drop a little 'Freezone' Corn Remover on any corn and *instantly it stops hurting*—soon it comes right off. Doesn't hurt one bit. 'Freezone' brand Corn Remover ends every corn, hard or soft, and foot callouses quickly and painlessly. Get a 1/3 bottle from your chemist to-day.

(3 'Freezone' Corn Rings included free in every package.)

Our Letter Parliament

MY *Greatest* MISTAKE

I STARTED life, at twenty, thinking the world was made for me. Consequently, I was most unhappy and lonely.

At thirty, I realised that I was made to fit into a great working scheme of humanity, in which each individual unit forms an essential part of the whole.

Looking at life in this way has brought me happiness and friendship, and my only regret is in having missed these things before I discovered my greatest mistake.

They make life so much more worth while.—*M. H., Newport.*

Disillusioned

It was a broken-hearted girl who crept out the back way of a comfortable home, with a packed suit-case, vowing never to return.

The fault was mine, for I had earned just punishment for a grave misdemeanour; but my temper was hot, and I felt sure I could make a good home elsewhere, and the world would welcome me with open arms.

After many buffetings and hardships, I crept home sadly disillusioned, finding it only too true that there is no place like home and no love like parent love. —*E. H., Altrincham.*

Preacher's Text

My father wanted me to be an architect; but my conceit led me to believe there was a better "screw" in the Church.

Before I had been ordained three months my conscience began pricking, and it has not stopped for eighteen years.

My mistake has since taught me the folly of youth's conceit. Whenever I can, I drive home this realisation to my congregation. Somehow, it compensates me for the hell I suffer.—*Welsh B.A., Glam.*

Eclipsed

Elated because I had sold several articles to a local paper, I landed in London with 30s. in my pocket, to make my fortune!

Fleet Street wasn't waiting for me. After ten days wandering and ten nights in a Salvation Army shelter, I had to walk most of the 170 miles home.

I know now that it is better to shine in a small town than starve emulating Whittington.—*J. S., Gateshead.*

Fatal Lapse

As dispenser at a small hospital in the Midlands, I made a fatal error in compounding a prescription.

That mistake of mine cost an innocent man his life, robbed me of a good post, and caused years of misery and remorse.

My lapse taught me that concentration on the job in hand is the only road to success.—*Dispenser, Hants.*

Ruthless Rumour

My greatest mistake was to think that my husband no longer loved me, based on rumours.

I was married in my early twenties. We sailed along happily for six months, and then came a change. Hubby did not seem to want my company.

Three bonnie girls were sent to us. After the birth of my last child, I had a serious illness, and I nearly died. Hubby came to me and begged me to live for his sake. He cried when I shook my head.

Six months in a nursing-home made us realise the need of each other.—*Contented, Croydon.*

Idealism—Reality

I commenced life as most young people do—an idealist. I was gifted, and intended to make my mark in the world.

Adversity discouraged me; desiring speedy success, I tackled first this, then that, with no better results.

Finally, disillusioned, I settled in a poorly-paid, unskilled job, which mocks me with the contrast of what I might have been, and might have accomplished, had I been just a little more diligent and a little more patient.—*B. V. W., Thornaby.*

Debt's Interest

Five years ago, I got into debt, and kept the fact from my husband.

He was so much against debt of any kind that I was terrified of his finding it out, and the secret worry was the cause of a nervous breakdown.

When my husband did find out, instead of leaving me, as I expected, he settled my debt and had a heart-to-heart talk with me.

It taught me a lesson I shall never forget, and I shall never keep any secret from my husband again.—*Happy Wife, Bow, E.*

THE SIGNALMAN'S LESSON

SIGNAL-BOXES are strictly private and there is a notice to that effect on each cabin door. When I was a young signalman I used to scoff at the regulation. One day I invited two girl friends to visit me in the cabin, and, abstracted by their jolly chatter, I overlooked a minor point in signalling a train. The result was a crash. Enquiries followed—and I crashed, too, to the bottom of the ladder.

My mistake taught me that rules are not so senseless as they sometimes seem.—D. C., Dumfries.

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

"Edinburgh Evening Dispatch":—"A continuance of the New Year celebrations resulted in another large 'bath' of 'drunks.'"

WOMAN AND BEAUTY:—"YOUR MEMORY returned if you are not fully convinced of the efficacy of these wonder-working tablets."

KENT AND SUSSEX COURIER:—"Four passengers in a motor-car had miraculous escapes from injury in an accident. The CHAIR was driven by Mr. ——."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"Drapery and general broker with large DIVING accommodation."

CHATHAM, ROCHESTER AND GILLINGHAM NEWS:—"The bells of the sailors' church RAN out for the watch-night service."

MERTHYR EXPRESS:—"Five elephants travelled by train and were joined en route by LOANS and other animals."

On the Shelf

At the age of eighteen, I ignored the attentions of a young man, because he was not a bit like my ideal.

The lesson I learned is that love is the greatest gift in the world. Also, that one should not expect the impossibly perfect.

Now, at twenty-five, I face a dreary, loveless existence. — "*Disillusioned,*" *Chipstead.*

Sergeant-Majors, Note!

When, during the war, I became a senior N.C.O., I imagined that being a disciplinarian meant being hard as flint.

An officer took me aside one day and quietly drilled into me that every soldier was, like myself, flesh and blood.

I am thankful that a hideous mistake in my character was put right. I learned that all men were my brothers, and I read JOHN BULL because of its insistence on that truth.—*C. R., Yorks.*

Put Off

The greatest mistake in my life has been pleasing self, or self-indulgence—too much of the "good things" of life, too much self-pleasing in pleasures and gadding about, and always the resolve that "to-morrow" I would stop it all.

The loss of a dear friend "pulled me up," but from my greatest mistake I know that the truest happiness is based on "victory over self."—*M. W., Dublin.*

Blinding Curse

Of recent years my greatest error has been an inordinate desire to accumulate wealth.

Having little consideration for others, I delighted in getting all I could out of them, even denying myself luxuries and in some cases necessities, in order that I might put away that little extra.

To-day I see differently. Avarice, which indeed it was, is a curse. It blinds and cripples one's whole outlook.—*K. M. C., Evesham.*

* * *

The lesson I have learnt is that life is not just holding good cards; it's playing a bad hand well.—"*Content,*" *Liverpool.*

A year ago I had the chance to forgive my husband, but I refused to take it, and now almost two hundred miles separate us.—*E. S., Coventry.*

When I married, like many others, I said, No children. Now I have to face old age without the comfort of grown-up children and grandchildren around me. —*Repentant, Sussex.*

At the age of seventeen, I was full of my own importance. I did not need any advice; I knew all. That was my greatest mistake.—*L. E., Mon.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 150 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Payment," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, February 23.

The Best Broadcast Item I Ever Heard—and Why.

56-page Stop Press Catalogue Free and Post Free. Smart's wonderful 1932 Catalogue solves all Furnishing problems. More distinguished designs. More beautiful materials. Better quality. British made and guaranteed. Generous terms. No references. Complete protection. Free delivery. Send for this amazing Catalogue of Bargains now. Address: Smarts (Dept. 78), 19-25, Oxford Street, London, W.1.
Mention "John Bull" when writing.

HOT BATHS FOR RHEUMATISM.

It is a fact well known to the medical profession that in severely painful cases of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, backache, etc., a course of hot medicated baths at some good mineral spring can always be depended upon to produce quick results. I know from personal experience the good results produced by hot sulphur baths, alkaline and saline baths, mud baths and mineral springs of various kinds; but after trying most of the well-known resorts both here and on the Continent I found a treatment at home which proved even better and certainly more prompt and lasting in its effects, also far more convenient. Never before did I experience the inexpressibly gratifying relief which followed a hot bath in which I had dissolved a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates,' a compound which I obtained at trifling cost from my chemist. An occasional medicated and oxygenated bath thus produced has for nearly three years kept me entirely free of the constant gnawing, grinding, piercing pains, muscular soreness, and stiff joints which once made life utterly miserable for me.—
C. H. N.

DELAY IS DANGEROUS

If you have taken a risk and exposed yourself to the danger of Venereal infection, or if you have ever suffered from either of the Diseases and are in doubt as whether you are cured, GO AT ONCE to a Doctor or one of the numerous FREE TREATMENT CENTRES for ADVICE, and, if necessary, FREE TREATMENT, which is provided under the greatest degree of SECRECY.

To DELAY may not only result in a LIFETIME OF SUFFERING, but the Disease may be passed on to others.

The Venereal Diseases CAN BE CURED, but only by seeking PROMPT TREATMENT and remaining under treatment until cured.

Those who have suffered from either of the Diseases are not justified in marrying until they have been certified free from the Disease. Therefore THINK OF your own Happiness, the Happiness of the Home and THE HEALTH OF YOUR CHILDREN, who will be the generation of to-morrow.

Readers desiring further information, ADVICE and Literature FREE OF CHARGE should write to the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, London, S.W.1, which is the official organisation employed by the Local Authorities to carry out Educational Work regarding Venereal Disease and Social Hygiene.

All enquiries will be treated in STRICT CONFIDENCE.

Mention JOHN BULL when writing.

WEAK HEADACHY AND DEPRESSED

Mrs. Leigh, 149, Wigan Rd., Leigh, Lancs., writes:—"For a long time I have felt very ill. After three operations the body feels so weak I never seemed to pick up. I got so depressed, weak and headachy, life was miserable. I saw Vitadatio advertised and, feeling I could not go on much longer, sent for a bottle, and after three doses felt ever so much better. I have now had four bottles, and it has kept me up wonderfully."

If you are a sufferer—get a bottle to-day!

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores. 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per bottle, carriage extra, in Great Britain only. Special £1,- post free from containing 3 weeks' supply for Export only. Vitadatio

VITADATIO No. 121, Armley Leeds.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

YOUR SAFEGUARD ••

C.A.V

H.T. & L.T. RADIO ACCUMULATORS

This label appears on all C.A.V. battery containers. It is a guarantee that the battery will give you its rated capacity. It is also a stamp of quality: the members of the P.A.M.A. are all long established battery manufacturers.

When next you require an accumulator buy a C.A.V.; you will know that you are getting a good one, with long life and satisfying service.

From all radio dealers or our Agents throughout the country.

FREE: Would you like a useful book on the charging & maintenance of C.A.V. H.T. and L.T. Accumulators?

Send a post card for a copy.

Department D4.

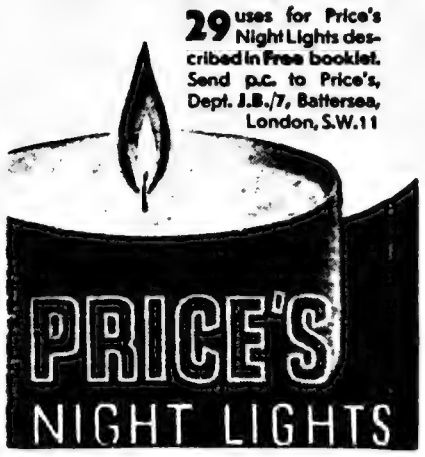
All enquiries to C. A. VANDERVELL Ltd., Well Street, Birmingham.

★ £2,000 in cash (1st prize £1,000) and 1,000 handsome consolation prizes are offered in an interesting novel competition, "Stalking the Storks," on page 20.

the Friendly glimmer

For kiddies
For invalids
For the old folk

29 uses for Price's Night Lights described in Free booklet. Send p.c. to Price's, Dept. J.B./7, Battersea, London, S.W.11



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RADIO POWER

THE GRAVES 'PRONTO' 3-VALVE SET is a remarkable step forward in Powerful Radio at a popular price. Its ample power brings the programmes in at full strength, and does justice to the splendid supply of entertainment now provided by the B.B.C. and principal Foreign Stations.

The 'PRONTO' 3-VALVE SET is Battery-driven and incorporates only components which are the best in their class. Handsome desk-type Oak Cabinet with lovely wax-finish; oxy-copper metal panel with simple controls for tuning and volume regulation; new type Detector, Low Frequency and Super Power Valves; special Nickel-iron Transformer; Air-spaced Condenser; latest type H.T. Battery & 2-Volt Accumulator. **The LOUD SPEAKER** is of the 4-pole differential type, giving splendid volume and clear, natural reproduction. Oak Cabinet to match. Complete with Aerial equipment & all accessories. **£8.10.0**

Write for Radio Catalogue. Free.

SEND ONLY **12/-** WITH ORDER

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SLATE & LOAN CLUBS

If you are a member of one of the above it is imperative that you should write at once, giving the name and address of your club to the

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THE HERBAL METHOD FOR

PSORIASIS

ECZEMA and all other Skin Diseases. Removes all trace completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. A proved success over 40 years. Write for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover and full particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, 11, Kirkgate House, BRADFORD.

HOW "NOSTROLINE" STOPS HEAD COLDS

RELIEF IN 30 SECONDS

Instead of days of discomfort with stuffed up nose, use Nostroline Nasal Specific and clear your breathing tubes at once. Its healing antiseptics cleanse and soothe the infected nasal lining. It goes straight to the actual seat of the Cold and DEFEATS it. It must be "NOSTROLINE." 1/3 at all Chemists.

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.68, Clifton, Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

'Prurtan Salts' relieve Rheumatism, 6d. per box at Chemist

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(4820), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
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Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please write (plainly) .....

BACKACHE, HEADACHE AND OTHER ACHES SIMPLY MEAN IMPURITIES IN BLOOD.

Purify the blood by drinking a good home-made medicinal water, and see how quickly all such troubles go. The following simple, inexpensive compound will give you the essential constituents of famous natural curative medicinal spring waters as exactly ascertained by analysis.

The best way to purify the blood quickly is by thoroughly flushing out the kidneys, liver and intestinal tract. Merely taking pills to stimulate or even irritate the liver to temporary convulsive action will not do. You must thoroughly flush out and cleanse *all* the filtering and eliminative organs. This will stop any absorption of poisons into the blood. Now, as regards the poisons already in the blood, there is one sure way to get at them. Simply drink an abundance of alkaline mineral water, two or three tumblerfuls a day being none too many. This, if it is very strongly alkaline, will quickly be absorbed into the blood, since that, of course, is the only way it can reach the kidneys. To prepare the alkaline mineral water, merely dissolve in a tumblerful of plain hot water a level teaspoonful of the refined compound put up under the registered name of '*Alkia Saltrates*,' and which any chemist can supply at small cost. While in the blood, the alkaline water dissolves and neutralises any uric acid or other impurities with which it comes in contact. Then it will be filtered out and expelled by the kidneys, taking with it all the impurities it has absorbed while in the blood. The effect of this process will be to relieve pain and impart strength and tone to the whole system, which has thus been flushed clear of painful, nerve-depressing and kidney-clogging impurities. In all cases of headache, backache, etc., the astonishing benefits derived from '*Alkia Saltrates*' are usually noticeable within a day or two.

No More Disturbed Nights.

BLADDER COMFORT

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth's "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: Shadforth Prescription No. 285. Prices: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

Qualified Dispensing Chemists,

(Dept. J.B. 25) 9, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

DRINK HOT WATER TO RID JOINTS OF RHEUMATISM.

Uric acid, the underlying cause of rheumatic pains and stiff joints, is daily being produced in your system! The food and drink you consume leave behind a certain amount of waste material which, if not completely eliminated each day, forms the uric acid that is responsible for your rheumatism. Unless quickly counteracted, the uric acid finds its way into the blood and circulates throughout the system, with the result that grain by grain it collects in the joints much like rust collects on a hinge. Everyone troubled with rheumatism or lumbago should drink plenty of water to keep the system flushed of these acid impurities, but to relieve your rheumatism quickly you should take a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate in a glass of hot water every morning. This will dissolve away the uric acid already collected in your joints and thus remove the cause of the pain. A quarter-pound jar of 'Limestone' Phosphate can be obtained from any chemist for 2s., and thousands of people have banished their rheumatism in this easy way.

ONE WEEK TO WIN JOHN BULL'S FOURTH X-WORD LIFE PENSION

INTERESTING CLUES ... EASY TO ENTER ... NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE OR £1,250 CASH

AN EXTRA £50 *for* RUNNERS-UP

HERE is another splendid opportunity for "John Bull" readers to win £3 a week for life or £1,250 cash down in a simple and fascinating Crossword Contest. In addition there is £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Think of it, a pension or a huge sum cash down for simply filling in the little crossword squares in your leisure time! Read through the clues now. In a short while you may complete an entry which will capture an income for life.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 3rd, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 10th.

(Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.)

Winners in X-Word No. 151 appear on page 44.

Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 152

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 152 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, February 25th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than 2 Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, March 10th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, March 22nd,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

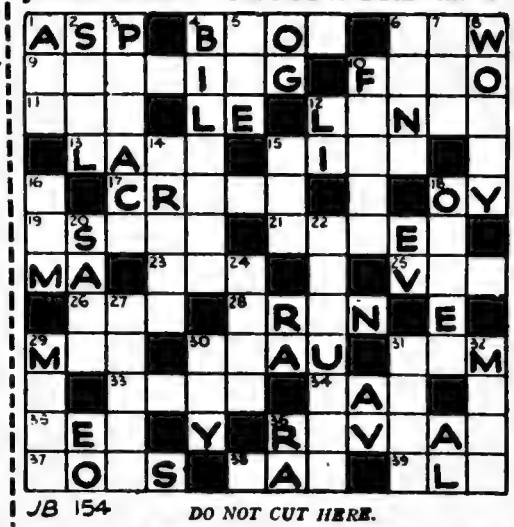
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible.

No claims required.

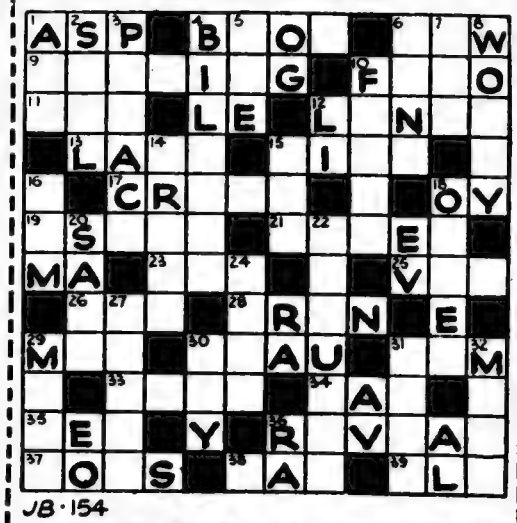
ENTRY FEE.

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE.
With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. { **See Rule 1.**

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 154



JB 154 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·154

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thursday, Feb. 25, 1932

CLUES ACROSS.

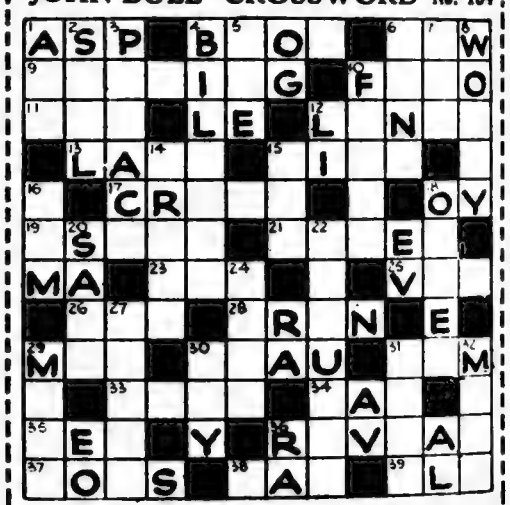
1. Venomous serpent.
4. Leather makes it last.
6. Make a noise.
9. Hubby sometimes finds wife.
10. Gambling game played with cards.
11. Cease to live.
12. Large passenger vessel.
13. Be in want.
15. Soft, fine material.
17. Make wavy.
19. Deathly pale.
21. Donkeys.
23. Is laid by hen.
25. Power.
26. A breach.
28. Common metal.
29. Unruly crowd.
30. German housewife.
31. Equip with weapons.
33. It makes a charge.
34. Another name for seaman.
35. Observe.
36. Expose to view.
37. Children's play-things.
38. Troublesome.
39. Everything.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Find the total.
2. Begin a voyage.
3. Parsons do this in church.
4. Eluding payment.
5. First number.
6. Describes an overgrown plant.
7. Mineral in its raw state.
8. A bore is this.
10. Soldiers may be seen in these.
14. Crawl stealthily.
15. Health resort.
16. You do this with violent blows.
18. Rushy plant.
20. Puddings are made with.
22. Political opinions are often this.
24. Young woman.
27. Place of worship.
29. Airman must beware of this.
30. What birds do.
31. Tract of ground.
32. Many go through this.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 154



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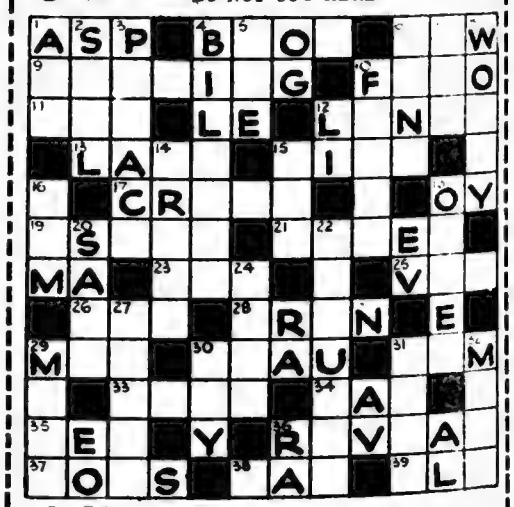

JB 154

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P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thursday, Feb. 25, 1932

☞ **ADDRESS ENTRY:—"John Bull" Crosswords, No. 154, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

INTERVIEW WITH BIG CROSS-WORD WINNER APPEARS ON PAGE 11

THE EDITOR Laughs Last

T. H. (Oxford).—"I escaped from the burning house in my nightshirt, but kept quite cool." No doubt.

N. B. (Birmingham).—"I am a man of note." So we see from your initials.

T. B. (Aldgate).—"Brains and brawn do not go together?" We had no idea you were so strong.

M. W. (Brighton).—"I disagreed at once when my girl said that men were like sheep." Did you say "Bah"?

H. G. (Hampstead).—"Although I was expected, I found the fire had gone out." We should have done the same.

B. N. (Blyth).—"I blush for the modern girl." Well, someone has got to do it for her.

W. J. F. (Hastings).—"A girl baby trebles her weight in her first year." And tries to halve it forty years later.

L. K. (Oundle).—"I am told that it is an omen of death to sneeze five times." What a-tishoo of lies!

DORIS (Colchester).—"He gets very sentimental when the lights are low." Your gas bill must be very small.

MRS. H. (Wivenhoe).—"Where is the perfect maid to-day?" At the station, looking up the trains for to-morrow.

E. T. (Sheffield).—"Can you tell me where the phrase 'U Treat 'Em Rough' originated?" Yes. In a steam laundry.

F. J. (Croydon).—"What are young people out for nowadays?" Perhaps because they find things dull at home.

W. G. (Colchester).—"Skating is a very healthy exercise." But it completely upsets some people.

T. K. (Truro).—"I haven't seen him in church for some years." Does he go round with the collection plate?

H. E. (Bath).—"What is the best medium of publicity?" Tell a woman, and tell her it's a secret.

B. C. (London).—"Why does the east end of every city contain the poorest quarter?" Because the money goes west, presumably.

D. W. (South Shields).—"Do you think it advisable to keep the duty on playing-cards?" Well, it is certainly taxing people's patience.

A. E. (Manchester).—"What a lot of rubbish is written nowadays." It isn't every man that can prove his own statement.

E. B. (Woking).—"My wife went out last night and bought a new suite of furniture, and I had no voice in the matter." Never mind, you will get the invoice.

W. E. (Wandsworth).—"Is it best to forgive and forget?" Yes, but the trouble is that most people are more for getting than for giving.

B. M. (Bath).—"I laughed at the enclosed joke, my wife laughed at it, and my son laughed at it." The Editor laughs last.

W. N. (Retford).—"I have got into the bad habit of muttering to myself when I write." We know those leaky fountain-pens!

B. M. (Leeds).—"I scratched my name on a shilling two years ago, and it was returned to me last week." Then why not autograph your treasury notes in future?

HUSBAND (Canterbury).—"Will women ever pause to reflect?" Yes, every time they pass a mirror.

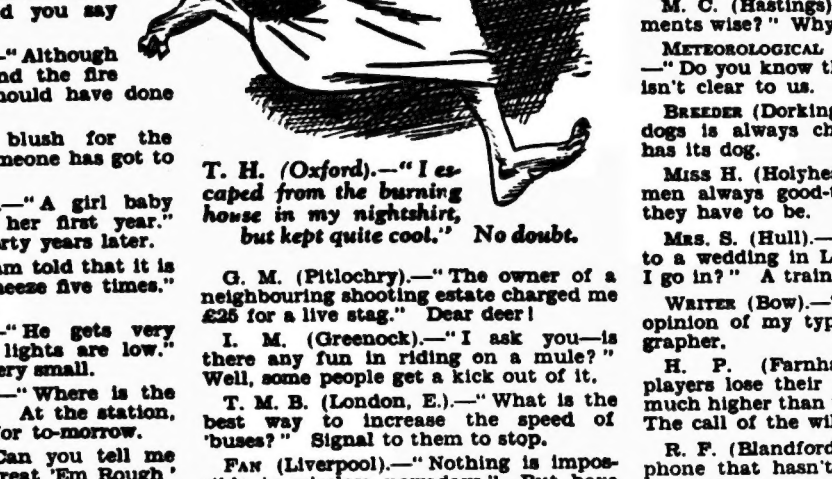
F. C. (Morecambe).—"Faint heart never yet won fair lady." So at last there's something to be said for having a faint heart.

N. S. (Faversham).—"What will follow this wave of buying motor-cars on the instalment plan?" Buying aeroplanes that way, we expect.

C. D. (Oxford).—"The latest from America is the yarn about a prisoner escaping in a glider." But it was not all plane sailing according to reports.

R. D. N. (Manchester).—"What can you get on your wireless set?" If the worst comes to the worst, about £5, we hope.

ADAMSON'S Strife-Belt



G. M. (Pitlochry).—"The owner of a neighbouring shooting estate charged me £25 for a live stag." Dear deer!

I. M. (Greenock).—"I ask you—is there any fun in riding on a mule?" Well, some people get a kick out of it.

T. M. B. (London, E.).—"What is the best way to increase the speed of 'buses?" Signal to them to stop.

FAN (Liverpool).—"Nothing is impossible in wireless nowadays." But have you heard some of the talks?

A. Y. (Darlington).—"I must now finish this letter as my pencil hasn't any point." Nor has your letter.

OLIVE (Purley).—"Is rain good for a girl's complexion?" If it really is her complexion.

SCIENTIST (Bath).—"The young man who treats women scientifically need have no fear of Leap Year." Bachelors of Science?

K. N. (Cricklewood).—"Film stars have to take much shorter honeymoons than ordinary people." But they take them much oftener.

DOCTOR (Leeds).—"The silly trick of pulling away a man's chair before he sits down may easily result in a serious injury." Especially if the victim is a big man with a different sense of humour.

MISS ANNE (Cardiff).—"A Hollywood film actress declares that she and her husband are very happily married." It appears that they have actually delayed their divorce five times.

HENRY (Sutton).—"Is it true that lots of beastly little germs travel in railway carriages?" Yes, and breathe down your neck trying to read your newspaper.

THOS. J. (Bournemouth).—"My wife is asking me whether grey carpets are fashionable. What should I advise?" Well, they are just the colour of cigarette ash.

M. C. (Hastings).—"Are long engagements wise?" Why interpolate "long"?

METEOROLOGICAL EXPERT (Richmond).—"Do you know the cause of fog?" It isn't clear to us.

BREEDER (Dorking).—"The taste in pet dogs is always changing." Every day has its dog.

MISS H. (Holyhead).—"Why are small men always good-tempered?" Because they have to be.

MRS. S. (Hull).—"I have been invited to a wedding in London. What should I go in?" A train.

WRITER (Bow).—"What is your candid opinion of my typing?" Hire a stenographer.

H. P. (Farnham).—"Many bridge players lose their temper and then bid much higher than they would normally." The call of the wild.

R. F. (Blandford).—"I have a gramophone that hasn't gone wrong once in the last ten years. Who could grumble at that?" Your neighbours.

JAMES (Musselburgh).—"My wife told me I was an idiot. Has your wife ever told you that?" We're afraid our wife doesn't even know you.

A. S. (Dagenham).—"What would you do if I told you that after years of dyspeptic trouble I can now eat anything?" Send you all our old safety-razor blades?

S. B. (Newcastle).—"Is it the case that a winter sea voyage is a gamble?" Well, there is certainly a great deal of pitch and toss.

T. J. (Edinburgh).—"A Hollywood scenario-writer confesses that he has wasted two-thirds of his life." We presume that he has spent the other third in sleeping.

H. J. S. (Newcastle).—"Do you believe that the motto of the majority of women is 'What I Have I Hold'?" Yes, but not that it applies to their tongues.

C. J. E. (Egham).—"I just said 'I will' and I've never had any money since." Well, just say a few more words on a coupon from page 43. You'll never be without money if you win that Life Pension and £500.

H. B. (Barmouth).—"It is possible to say 'Please' and "Thank you' in 934 different languages." The girl behind the post-office stamp counter doesn't seem to care.

H. G. (Ayr).—"A chiropodist claims to be able to tell whether a man is married simply by looking at his feet." Standing outside shop-doors makes the feet dreadfully cold and pinched.

BACHELOR (St. Albans).—"Is it the case that the average married couple are always of the same mind?" Yes; but no prizes are offered for guessing whose mind it is.

G. D. (Newmarket).—"I have lost confidence in horse racing." Many wish that was all they had lost.

FASHION EXPERT (London, W.C.).—"The correct outfit for sea travel is something that matches your complexion." But we simply can't stand tartan.

B. L. (Balham).—"Why is such a great deal of laughter always heard from an audience in a wireless studio?" So as to let listeners know that something funny is being broadcast.

F. R. (Southend).—"A Russian politician has failed to address six meetings in the last two months owing to snowstorms." English winters are terribly calm.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

Colds and Chills Lead to Kidney Weakness.

IF YOUR BACK, your limbs and muscles ache; if you experience urinary irregularities, dropsical swellings, headaches, dizzy spells or other kidney troubles, take Doans Backache Kidney Pills without delay.

Don't become one of the needless martyrs to rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and bladder weakness. Let Doans, the special kidney tonic, make you as fit and well as you ought to be.

"Totally Helpless for Nine Weeks"

"Nobody could suffer more with kidney trouble than I did," said Mrs. E. Smith, 10, Manley Street, Warrington, on 5th January, 1920. "The pain in passing the excretions was dreadful. There were terrible shooting pains across my back, also. My legs used to swell up with water; at times I was delirious.

"For nine weeks I was totally helpless and then I tried Doans Backache Kidney Pills. After taking two boxes I was able to get out of bed and later I entirely recovered." On 19th August, 1931, Mrs. Smith said:—"I never felt better than I do now, thanks to Doans Pills. My recovery in 1920 has proved permanent.

(*Signed*) E. SMITH."

Sold by all Dealers 3/- also at 1/3,5/-

Do as Mrs. Smith did. Insist upon DOANS. Of all dealers.

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

STOMACH ULCERS END QUICKLY.

NEW TREATMENT BRINGS RAPID RELIEF.

All over the country sufferers from Stomach Ulcers are getting relief from their agony with what doctors call the Maclean formula, the cure for digestive ailments now used in the clinics of London's leading hospitals.

This Maclean formula has been proved by the hospitals to bring rapid relief and permanent cure in case after case of Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Wind, Flatulence, and even Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

And now you can get the Maclean formula ready packed for your own personal use. Now the priceless benefits of this great discovery are available to end the pain and discomfort which have ruined your life.

All you have to do is to go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact formula which the Doctors and Hospitals have proved.

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2s. direct to Macleans Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: Maclean Brand Powder is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2s. cartons. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

SHE HASN'T A LEG TO STAND ON

The Woman Who Wouldn't Try Elasto
—and—
The Woman Who Did!

"My leg is completely cured, thanks to Elasto; all swelling and pain gone and I am able to walk about and do my work as though I had never had a bad leg. It is such a relief after years of pain. I have had doctors, have attended hospital and have laid up for months at a stretch, all to no purpose, and yet Elasto has quickly and completely cured me without any need for resting; it is wonderful.

"Elasto has been a godsend to me, and you may publish my letter for the benefit of other sufferers, who I do hope will send for your splendid treatment." (Sgd.) Mrs. S. ELDRIDGE,
28, Monden Street, Rochester, Kent.

What Other Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active, thanks to Elasto."
"My Doctor cannot praise Elasto enough."
"Can now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto has worked wonders; my legs are quite clear now."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"I am now feeling quite fit and healthy."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins have completely disappeared."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Elasto has completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."

These extracts from testimonials are typical of the general chorus of praise which has greeted this wonderful new blood treatment—Elasto.

YOU NATURALLY ASK "What is Elasto?"

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases;* that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto conquers varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also conquers piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

It's so very simple

TO get out your writing materials and sign the registration forms for "John Bull's" Greatly Increased Free Insurance takes only a few minutes, yet this simple act provides you with the most comprehensive free insurance in existence—a *protected* home for the rest of your life.

Look at some of the wonderful benefits offered:

FIRE—Increased to £1,000.
BURGLARY—Up to £200.
STORM, FLOOD—Up to £300.
HOME ACCIDENTS—Up to £200.
SICKNESS—Up to £10 10s.
SPORTS—Up to £500.
CHILDREN'S BENEFITS—£3.

These and many other benefits are subject to a

10% BONUS

payable to readers registered for three months and over.

Reach for your pen now and fill up the forms below. It may save you life-long regret.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 20/2/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 20/2/32.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance.

State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Cash the coupons

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

WIN A LIFE PENSION AND A 'BULLETS' FORTUNE

£1 A WEEK FOR LIFE

UNIQUE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£500 CASH

SECOND **£100** — 10 of £5, 10 of £2-10, 25 of £1, 50 of 10/- — 500 of 2/6, 2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS', 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES — THIRD **£25**

IF FIRST PRIZE-WINNER PREFERS LUMP SUM TO £500 & PENSION, £1000 CASH WILL BE PAID

Enter by SAT. FEB. 27

LIFE INCOME AND £500 FOR YOU?

SPRING is already in the Long Acre air! This week's First Prize has sprung up to astonishing size, for somebody's few words are going to win a JOHN BULL Life Pension and £500 cash.

Somebody must certainly walk off with this astonishing prize, and there is no reason why the winner's telegram of congratulation on Friday, March 11, should not be addressed to you.

To make a *Bullet*, read through the *Examples* carefully, making a note of the various rough ideas which they suggest.

Now turn your attention to compressing each of these rough ideas into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which form a pointed comment and link up aptly with the *Example* chosen. For instance, suppose you choose the *Example* FOR THE HOSPITALS, the added words "DRUM TAKES SOME BEATING" would complete a *Bullet*.

Study this week's winners published below—they will show the varied styles which win. Then get busy with your own efforts and make sure that they are entered by Saturday, February 27.

£712 10s. CASH AND 100 NEW PRIZES AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION No. 836

Mr. W. CHRISTIAN, 42, Norton Street, Bootle.
Example:—PUBLICITY
Bullet:—"TORCH"—OR "BRANDING IRON."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. O. V. CHARLES, "Glan-y-Nant," Tredegar, Mon.
Example:—At Our Door
Bullet:—Blame — Hers, "Admiralty Regrets."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. C. THOMSON, 74, Stenhouse Crescent, Edinburgh.
Example:—With A Lordly Air
Bullet:—"It's My Humble Opinion—"

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

G. H. ANDERSON, 7-38, Ballantyne Place, Leith.
With A Lordly Air—Man, Amusing—Nation, Menacing.

H. DONNE, 59, Gordon Road, Lower Edmonton, N.
What Nation Needs — Your "Share" At "Pusher"

R. M. FREEMAN, 140, Littleheath Road, Croydon.
Forgetting Everything—For Her, Gets Her.

G. HART, 7, George Street, Rugby.
Publicity — "Rocket" Carrying Trade's "Life-line."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

T. R. LAWABEY, 14, Northview Road, Luton.
In Humanity's Circus — "Donkey" Doing Arithmetic—Father!

G. I. LEGGETT, 25, Marmion Road, Southsea.
What Nation Needs—More Homes—Fewer Home.

W. SWIFT, 35, Clough, Mirfield, Yorks.
Beginning Of The End—Either That—Or Liver!

H. THOMAS, 7, Moorfield Grove, Sale, Ches.
Left To Father—Cigars He Gave Uncle.

J. B. THOMAS, 114, Woodchurch Lane, Birkenhead.
Flash Of Inspiration—Struck—"Hammering" At Idea.

Miss A. J. WILSON, 5, Wheatsheaf Avenue, Longridge, Nr. Preston.
With A Lordly Air—Unfil World "Belted" Him.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

H. BARNES, Sarum-Dene, Roberts Road, Salisbury.
What Nation Needs—More Liberty *Outside* Prisons.

N. ELWIN, 13, Jackson Avenue, Roundhay, Leeds.
Unemployed Musician — "Sound System" *Prevents* Recovery.

Mrs. M. GRIFFITHS, Little Street, Ruabon.
The Advance Guard—Russia—Or Civilisation's "Deserter"?
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. R. McDONNELL, 260, Laburnum Road, Redcar.
Flash Of Inspiration — Eluded Plodder—Success Didn't.

F. MILLINGTON, 11, Motehall Road, Manor Estate, Sheffield.
At Our Door—"Any Laces? No *Boots*!"

W. MOTTON, 1, Norwich Road, Cadoxton, Barry, Glam.
Harsh Treatment—Boxer Receives *Between* Rounds.

S. PROFFITT, 29, Rainow Road, Macclesfield.
Worrying The Taxpayer—"Tapping"—In Adjoining Cell.

E. SANKEY, 146, Crescent Road, Ramsgate.
What Nation Needs — Van Detecting Unlicensed *Firearms*.

A. E. WARD, 100, Bulverhythe Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
The Advance Guard—Of Progress, Struggling Teachers!

Mrs. J. WRIGHT, 6, Keyden Street, Glasgow.
Unemployed Musician—Sonny—And "By Request."

List of 100 winners of £1 and "Bulletsers Library," also 500 of 2s. 6d., can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 836 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Evans-Lipyeat, 8, Winchcop Street, Canterbury.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed / & Co. /. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

THREE BIG ATTRACTIONS — 50 PRIZES OF £5 — £500 — 50 EASTER HAMPERS — FOR NEXT WEEK ONLY

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 839

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS	WAKING UP	TRIFLING
AT A STANDSTILL	LIFE OF EASE	DOMESTIC TRAGEDY
AIRY NOTHINGS	TENDERLY	HE DID HIS BEST, BUT
FOR THE HOSPITALS	THE BABY	MUST BE PAID
UNLESS TAXES FALL	UPROAR IN THE PRISON	CRITICS SAY
BEAUTIFUL SPRING	FOR MORE	NOT STRONG ENOUGH
CALL OF ADVENTURE	DAD WENT SKATING AND	SAILOR'S SWEETHEART
WHEN HELP'S NEEDED	ADMIRING CROWD	TWINKLE IN HER EYE
ORDERS	HUSBANDS	SKILLED MAN
IT'S SUNDAY, SO	MIGHTY SLOW	WHAT THE GAMBLER SAID
BY HIMSELF	WHAT WE MAKE	

Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(839) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 27. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(839) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 27. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O for 1s. Address _____

Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(839) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 27. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d Address _____

Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet

(839) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 27. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 839, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 839 usually purchase "John Bull."

Use this Coupon to secure FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to lift you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose 6d. P.O. No..... (made payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on twelve issues of "Bullets Bulletin" commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

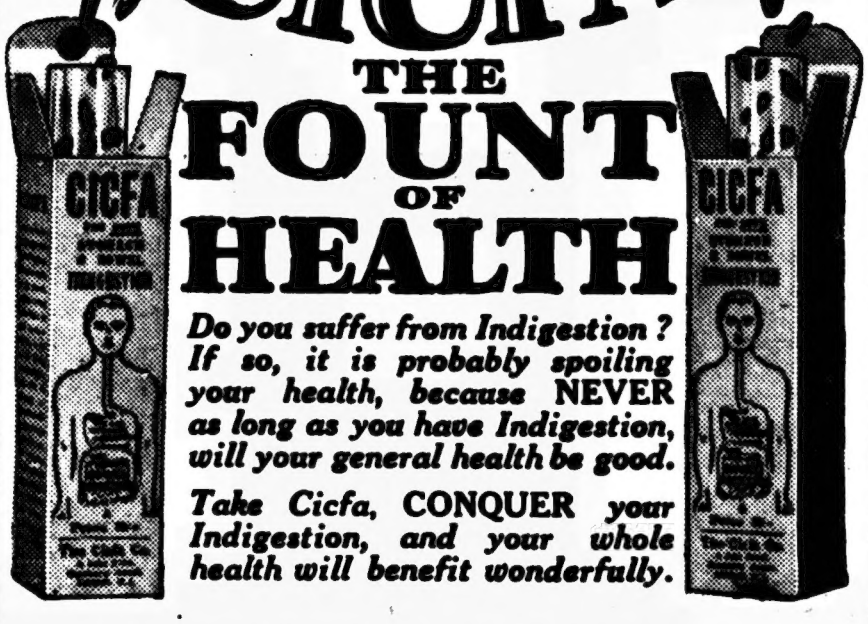
Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

SOUND DIGESTION

FEELING OF FITNESS
ROSY CHEEKS — HEALTH
STRENGTH & VITALITY
RED LIPS — GOOD SPIRITS
MENTAL ALERTNESS
BRIGHT EYES — GOOD APPETITE
CLEAR COMPLEXION — FUNCTIONAL REGULARITY

CICFA



THE FOUNT OF HEALTH

Do you suffer from Indigestion? If so, it is probably spoiling your health, because* NEVER *as long as you have Indigestion, will your general health be good.

Take Cicfa,* CONQUER *your Indigestion, and your whole health will benefit wonderfully.

Most probably your chief trouble is Bowel Indigestion, that is **Constipation**—so often unsuspected. When chronic, this condition **pollutes the blood stream.** *The impure blood is carried to every part of the system,* and finally sets up **self-poisoning,** which undermines the health, causing Neuritis, Rheumatism and allied complaints.

Persistent **Constipation** affects the Liver, causing Biliousness, dull heavy Headaches, and unpleasant breath: the skin becomes muddy and sometimes develops a sickly yellow tinge, and *the sufferer feels tired, listless and depressed.*

Indigestion also gives rise to a host of other unpleasant and even painful symptoms, such as Acidity, Heartburn, "feeling of fullness" after eating, Flatulence, etc.

Take Cicfa and secure perfect digestion, which means **no Constipation;** complete elimination of all waste products; *internal cleanliness,* and consequent purity of blood.

Cicfa restores digestion throughout the entire Alimentary Tract (i.e., the whole of the digestive system) **BECAUSE** it both adds to and stimulates the secretion of the Natural Digestive Ferments. Thus the nourishment is absorbed as the digesting food moves slowly downwards. *Constipation is prevented,* Flatulence decreases, and the **blood grows richer and purer,** nourishing all the tissues and producing a feeling of perfect fitness throughout the body.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 and 3/-

BRITISH MANUFACTURE

EVERY PACKAGE BEARS A GOVERNMENT STAMP.

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a 10-meal test of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

John Bull 20/2/32

Instant Relief for all ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS

Immediate relief is what we offer to every sufferer and that is the blessing we have conferred on hundreds of thousands who will tell you that they owe everything to Potter's Asthma Cure. Before using it their days were wretched and nights sleepless but now they are able to go through their day's work in comfort, enjoy peaceful sleep at night and take their part in life and its pleasures.

THE SUFFERING DUE TO ASTHMA is indescribable; that awful feeling of tightness across the chest, hideous feeling of suffocation and those terrible paroxysms are instantly relieved by Potter's Asthma Cure which is entirely free from opiates. Mrs. G., Camberley, writes:—"Potter's Asthma Cure has given my husband and son more relief than anything they ever tried. I was a nurse in London for ten years, and have never seen anything so wonderful." Potter's Asthma Cure is just as good for Croup, Whooping Cough, Catarrh and especially for the Bronchitis of Children.

"I find I can rely upon Potter's Asthma Cure."

TO OUTDOOR WORKERS

If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct post free 1/9 from POTTER & CLARKE, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE & BOOKLET

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

I enclose two penny stamps to cover postage for a Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture, and Cigarettes, also a copy of booklet "ARE YOU ASTHMATIC?"

Name .....

Address .....

"John Bull." .....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull."

*** FREE**

Handsome RUG to Match—with every BRUSSELETTE CARPET!

On receipt of P.O. for 9s. 6d., Carriage 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" BRUSSELETTE

CARPETS

Woven without Seam. Suitable for Drawing room, Dining-rooms, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Brown, Rose, and mingled Colours to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a handsome rug to match.

Guaranteed Genuine Bargains

9/6

New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brusselette) in all sizes; also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., free by return of post.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Manufacturers and Merchants, Woodsley Road, LEEDS.

£1,300 Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 151.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £416 13s. 4d. will be despatched:—A. Gibbons, 7, Bickford Street, Cheetham, Manchester; Mrs. B. Narbett, 17, Milton Terrace, Swansea; J. O'Connell, Anchor Press, Tiptree, Essex.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, March 1st, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 24 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 1s. 8d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Another Splendid Crossword with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £8 a Week and £50 to be divided between the Runners-up appears on Page 40. Try Your Skill Now!

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